

*The Australian*

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE

3d

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Published in Australia for  
circulation by post as a  
newspaper.

DECEMBER 6, 1947





Hold on, hon...  
your bath's not done  
until you Mum!

... you just washed away past perspiration —  
now guard your future freshness.



True glamour does begin in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your future charm.



So, after you wash away past perspiration, complete your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odour to come. With Mum, you stay fresh, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Mum



checks perspiration odour

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odour, gives you sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to your skin.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolour fine fabrics. Economical, Mum does not dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.





# THE BRICK WALL

By ... LOUIS KAMP

**JOSH HANLEY**, film cutter in the Hollywood studios of his father, motion picture magnate **ALEX HANLEY**, hungers to become a film actor, but his aspirations are blocked by Alex.

Since his actress wife deserted him, Josh was a baby. Alex has a bitter grudge against actors. He orders Josh to break off his friendship with film actress **LUCY MARSHALL**.

However, goaded on by **DAISY STRAWAY**, Alex's secretary, Josh

finds courage to defy his father, and goes to ask for a film test at the studios of **ASA MARSHALL**, his hated rival.

Josh continues his story:

I GAVE the woman my name and told him that I wished to see Mr. Marshall. He picked up the phone only a few minutes before he came back, gave me a peculiar glance, and told me how to reach Ass Marshall's office.

Ass Marshall could laugh out loud, even only knows where that terrible cackle came from, because he was so skinny, dried-up, mean-eyed. The old man looked as though there wasn't much more than a whisper left in him.

Alex was right. Marshall looked like an old pirate. A mummified man in an expensive doe-skin flannel suit. There was something almost obscene about the flashy watch that hung down over his buckled-up little chest.

When he calmed down after hearing my proposition he stared at me for two little holes in the wrinkled apple that passed for a face. His little eyes were the most alive about him. They were alert and very bright.

He didn't like my idea so much any more, and was half decided to back out when I could almost hear Alex cackle. "So you got cold feet again?"

He started back aloud: "There isn't a studio in Hollywood with the

courage to buck Alex and give me a break."

Marshall looked at me slyly and shook his head. "They're not afraid of Alex. It's just good business, sonny, and you know it. If you were the son of anybody but Hanley, you wouldn't have got inside my gates."

He started to laugh again.

"So Hanley's kid had to come to me for a job!"

"I thought you'd appreciate the situation," I said grimly.

"I do," he said, almost choking. "If I thought you were on the level—"

"I am," I said, trying to control my impatience. "Do you think I'd come to you if there was any other way of doing it? You're the only one who can do anything for me."

"You mean you don't like me either, sonny?" he asked, giving me a wicked grin.

"I mean," I said, trying to be diplomatic, "I mean, I don't like doing it this way. I don't like what I'm doing, but I haven't any choice."

He stared at me thoughtfully.

"This'll be the big sensation of the year. It will be in all the newspapers and trade papers all over the country. It will make Hanley look a fool." He chuckled as though the idea tickled him to death.

"I know," I said. "I can't help that. I want to act, and he's forcing me to use this way to do it."

Marshall's shrewd eyes passed over me. He asked me to stand up and walk around and talk some more.

"I don't know much about actors, sonny," he said at last. "I'm an executive. You look about as good as any other actor to me, but on the other hand you may look terrible in front of a camera." Evidently no big-shot producer thought much of actors.

"All I want is a chance to find out," I said.

Suddenly he was eyeing me fiercely. "How do I know this isn't a put-up job?"

"Why don't you call up Alex?"

"Darned if I won't," he snapped back at me. He told his operator what he wanted, hung up, and

stared at me suspiciously until the call came though.

"Hanley? This is Ass Marshall. I just threw that goofy-looking son of yours out of my office." He listened, while my hands itched to break him into a few pieces. Then he cackled and hung up.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Said it was the only decent thing I ever did in my whole life, and told me to get off the line."

"Do I get a chance?"

Marshall rubbed his chin.

"I think you're on the level." He paused. "You look a lot like your mother," he went on. "By heaven, if you have any of her stuff in you, sonny, I'll make something of you."

"You knew my mother?" I asked eagerly.

"Sonny," the old man said, crouching over his desk toward me, "who do you think discovered her? She was my cousin, and that rat who calls himself your father stole her right off my lot in the middle of her best picture."

I was beginning to get dizzy. "You mean I'm—related to you?"

"He only married her to pull that dirty trick on me," Marshall said.

"Am I related to you?" I demanded.

"Don't let it go to your head, sonny," he snarled. "A Hanley walking around with my family blood in him... it isn't something I'm very proud of."

I didn't bother to tell him how I felt about it. "Was she—was my mother a good actress?"

He cackled at that. "Marle Wickham? It was almost a crime to waste the film."

"But you said..."

"Sonny, your mother was a gosh-awful actress, but she had the face of a wicked saint and a body that would make the Turners and Grables of to-day look like gawky school kids. When she moved across the screen no one cared whether she acted or not. If you have one-tenth of your mother's personality—"

Please turn to page 12

"Forget it's a script you're reading. Make it real," Lucy urged.

Joe Gordon



# Top Of The World

**P**ERCHED on a high plateau, the whole mountain resort seemed to be made of chromium and glass. There were times when Laura would willingly have spent a week in a mine or a bank vault just for the blessing of shade. The place was dull. The skiing was limited and, except for the jump, elementary.

John didn't seem to mind, but then, John never did. Every morning he would ask, "Coming out today, darling?" and at her refusal he would, after kissing her once, take up his skis and poles, rest them on one broad shoulder and saunter away whistling.

For the rest of the morning, and again in the afternoon, Laura could, if she wished, watch him floundering about on the lower slope with two or three other novices.

He was hopelessly awkward. No one else, she thought, could behave with such complete absence of stability. And this was true of him whatever he did, whether skiing or driving a car or writing a play.

Oh, yes, they were a strange pair, were John and Laura Rand. They had conquered the city in a sort of circular motion, she acting what he wrote, he writing what she directed. And now they had left their conquest, exiled by a doctor.

"Mrs. Rand," he had said, "I don't care how successful a playwright your husband is, he's got to get away. The insomnia will improve if the other thing can be cleared up."

"What is 'the other thing,' doctor?"

"Let's describe it as loss of equilibrium. He's like a man balanced on top of the world. He's living on success, and that's all life means to him now—he feels he must never stop being successful. He's living the most precarious and superficial life in the world, the life of fame. Some people might do it and get by with nothing worse than gastric ulcers, but not John Rand."

The doctor then looked at Laura critically. "And you, my dear—as the great man's wife you're not

By...

**JOSEPH CROSS**

doing so well either. You've been on the point of screaming and biting your nails since you came in. You've both got to get out of it completely."

She had hastened to explain: "We can't leave now. John must get on with his new radio serial. If we miss this opportunity we're losing everything we've gained."

"If you miss this opportunity of going away," the doctor said, "you will lose everything, all right. Look at you. I can tell you don't sleep enough. When you do it's on drugs. Take my advice and go now, while you can still call it a vacation. What you want to do is to get out of this world."

This place was out of the world, all right, but John seemed to be enjoying it, Laura thought, watching him come clumsily but safely down a shallow slope.

She was far more proficient than he, but here she was sulking indoors, as nervous as when they had arrived, developing an evil temper and a resentment against John, simply because he was obeying doctor's orders like the good-natured person she remembered from the first days of their marriage.

In two weeks he had already, it seemed to Laura, become much more easygoing, so much that she asked herself if he were not losing his ambition with his nervousness.

When he came in to lunch he said: "You know, I think I wouldn't mind staying in a place like this for a long time."

"They have no first nights here," Laura said. "And the bar isn't very good, to say nothing of the fact that all these sunburned athletes never talk of anything but the condition of the snow and the proper wax for skis. It's not the best permanent environment for a writer."

"I don't know if I'll ever write again," he said. "Somehow I don't

care any more. We have money enough."

"Johnny," she said, "I hope you're not too serious about this idea. We can't live our lives in a wilderness. You've got a future."

"I'm all right as I am," he protested. "I don't need anything else."

"I suppose that means you don't need me either?"

"Please don't start that, Laura. You know it doesn't mean anything of the sort. Let's drop the subject for a while."

They sat over coffee, searching their minds for the right thing to say, the words that would close the breach. At last she said, with attempted lightness: "I think I'll go out with you this afternoon. Show you how it's really done."

"Fine," said John.

Laura swung to a graceful abrupt stop beside her husband, her skis throwing up little rifts of snow.

"Like that," she said. "You just lift your weight off for a second and swing, then come down hard. And you stop; nothing to it."

She watched him try. His movements were tense and jerky.

"You mustn't be afraid of a spill," Laura said. "Just relax, let yourself fall loosely, you won't get hurt. Look." And pushing off down the slope she entered a turn and let the skis slide out, keeping the pressure light.

"I'll get it," promised John. But he didn't get it. Time and again he tried the simplest manoeuvres at her instruction, and time and again she watched him collapse, ignominiously, in a tangle of skis and poles. Presently she lost patience.

"I'm afraid you'll never learn," she said, laughing. "You're all left feet or something."

"I'm going to learn this trick if it kills me." He was beginning to show signs, she thought, of grim desperation. Curiously, this amused her, and she set out to tease him. For the rest of the afternoon, whenever he fell, she was on hand, cruising down to him in long, sweeping arcs.

"Darling," she said once, "you're just wasting your time."

He turned on her. "Don't say that," he said. "I never waste my time."

Please turn to page 19



"I'm afraid you'll never learn," Laura said, laughing at John.

THE SECRETS IN THE 333 BLEND



STATE EXPRESS  
333

"333's Always Please"

© 1934

The Gay Young Handkerchief



PYRAMID

Trade Mark

HANDKERCHIEFS

White and coloured for men and women

A TOOTAL PRODUCT

See Registered Trade Mark Label on every handkerchief PYRAMID TOOTAL GUARANTEED TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND



**F**LETCHER HATCH performed the ritual with loving care. Every three months for the past 204 years, the scalp had been given the same treatment. The hair of it was washed out in lukewarm, sudsy water, brushed dry, and braided.

Hatch had it laid on the combined bar and registry desk of the old, old inn. The fine yellow hair shimmered like corn tassels in the sun. The scalp proper, originally the size of the brim of a coffee cup, had travelled down to a very small diameter.

The public-room of the inn was small. J. Wentworth Demlock, the internationally famous financier, sat on a bench in front of the fireplace watching tiny flames lick along the side of the huge log.

Outside, the autumn afternoon was unseasonably warm, but the fire-thick stone walls made the interior cold and clammy without a fire.

General Monckton, the big black-and-tan hound, sprawled luxuriously on the flagstone hearth, the red ruddying his belly.

The financier sighed.

"When I'm here," he said, "it's hard to believe we're in the twentieth century. This place gets me."

Fletcher Hatch grunted. The genial atmosphere of the inn "got" everyone. To Hatch, the financier was two men—one, the avid fisherman, the other, the money man who talked in millions. Demlock, the fisherman, was all right. Fletcher Hatch didn't set much store by money.

"Anybody murdered here?" Demlock asked.

Hatch glanced down at the bright yellow hair between his fingertips. He spoke in the most discouraging way he could muster. "Yep."

"It wouldn't put it beyond her," said Demlock.

"Who? What?" Hatch asked.

"Murder. My wife. She's playing around with our new chauffeur. A red-blooded Latin. I've had no luck with wives."

Hatch didn't reply. The scalp irritated him. It was a tall man, a comforting keepsake, a sacred relic. He didn't give a whoop about the misdeeds of Mrs. Demlock No. 5.

Footsteps clattered down the main. John Trent had his short-sleeved digging tools tucked under his right arm. He was professor of American history at some college in West.

He was a youngish man, and his half-lens spectacles seemed out of place on his beefy red face. He was in his glory at the inn.

"Think I'll give the site of the Indian village another going over," Hatch said.

Hatch grunted. Demlock eyed the professor's rugged six-foot body with some contempt. The financier considered poking around ruins a waste of time for a man with the physique of a bollmaker.

"Mind if I take General Monckton?" Trent inquired.

Hatch said, "Ask him. He's got a mind of his own."

General Monckton accepted the invitation with a tail wag. Trent unlocked and opened the door. The shaft of bright sunlight dispersed the shadows. The hound walked out, yawning elaborately.

The door's closing brought grey-green. The eight windows were very small and shaded by the overhanging second floor. The inn was really an unusually large blockhouse, and the second floor projected three feet beyond the ground walls.

Defenders to fire through loopholes in the floor at anyone brave enough to assault the doors.

"I wouldn't put it past Gay," Demlock mused. "She was a carnival girl originally. Must know tough men."

Hatch remained silent, refusing to get worked up over the financier's domestic problems.

Trent crunched gravel outside. Hatch tensed for the demanding clatter of the horn. A minute passed. The door opened.

The young woman's red hair was washed down by a bright yellow handkerchief worn peasant style. The green lines of the green slacksuit



## THE LITTLE FRENCH LADY'S SCALP

"Maybe this will be the last time we'll be alone," Hatch said quietly.

"What do you see inside Mr. Demlock?" Jesse laughed softly. "All the cash registers in kingdom come," he said, and went out chuckling.

Hatch massaged the back of his neck, mildly thunderstruck by the boy's words of wisdom. He finished braiding the hair, wound a rubber band over the end of it, coiled it carefully, and put it into an oilskin tobacco pouch.

The room rocked from the discordant blare of a three-tone car horn. Hatch stuck the scalp into his hip pocket. He pulled up a three-legged stool and perched on it. The horn again demanded service. Hatch didn't move. The door opened.

A uniformed chauffeur staggered in with four heavy suit-cases. He lined them up in front of the bar and took off his visored hat. He was small and swarthy and had a moustache waxed to perfection.

The blonde came through the door as if she were modelling the mink coat she wore. Her beauty was fragile, doll-like, as if she had been nourished in night-clubs and exclusive bars, and hid in darkness during the sunshine hours. Like a mushroom, Hatch thought.

"I'm Mrs. J. Wentworth Demlock," she announced. "A single room for myself, a room for my servant."

Hatch yawned. "You won't like it here," he said, and proceeded to itemize the limitations of the inn, stressing the fact that all guests ate together at the same table.

"That will be satisfactory," said Mrs. Demlock.

Hatch shrugged and produced the foot-thick register bound with wooden covers on brass hinges. Both signed. The chauffeur's name was Pablo Morales y Sabinos.

Jesse came when called. He grinned when Hatch allotted the chauffeur the much better room. The two men started up with the luggage just as Kay Kress came down. The parties passed on the stairs without comment.

The redhead came up to the bar. Hatch lamented. "Three miles off a hard road. Gettin' here is like cross-country drivin'. Yet you'd think I run a tourist cabin. Here! Sign the register!"

Signing, Kay Kress said, "Mr. Demlock, of course. I came up to work on him myself. I had a detective find out about his coming here twice a year."

Please turn to page 22

made her more feminine, if anything.

She closed the door and examined the wooden hatch with interest. Her green eyes stared at the stairs ruttled from generations of use, appraised the hewed ceiling beams, the long smooth table and benches worn to a mirror-like lustre.

Hatch had recognised her at once. She danced, she sang, she was the home-wrecker on stage and screen. Her name was Kay Kress.

Hatch said, "Hi, Red!"

Kay Kress' lovely face remained solemn. She saw a tall, supple man with blue-black hair, copper-hued skin, cheekbones high and prominent. Surprisingly, his eyes were grey, the palest grey she had ever seen. The buckskin shirt he wore had beadwork around the pockets of it and looked mellow with age.

"Hi, Indian," she replied.

Hatch produced a red bottle and two glasses, which he filled to the brim. Kay Kress tossed hers off with a graceful jerk of her head.

"What an odd-tasting drink!" she said.

"Snakeroot whisky," Hatch explained. "You put a root in a jar a alkyl till it dissolves. Mighty potent stuff."

"Put me up, Indian?"

"Name's Hatch. Fletcher Hatch. The Indian was in the family a couple a hundred years ago. Pops out every third generation."

"Put me up, Fletcher Hatch?"

Hatch rubbed the nape of his neck.

"I seen your pinups in the Army lots," he said. "I seen your pictures. I'd say that you're mighty fond of fur coats an' silk cushions an'—"

"So what?" she challenged.

He waved his hand at the room.

"Don't reckon you'll like it," he confessed. "My grandpaw put in two bathrooms. We got a gasoline pump for water pressure. We got bottled gas for hot water an' refrigerator an' cookin'. There ain't electricity, just candles. We got no door locks, just wooden latches. An' everybody eats at the table yonder. I don't reckon you'll like it."

Kay Kress leaned forward until the bar edge pressed her lower ribs. The green of her eyes darkened.

"You listen!" she said. "My name's Kressanski. My old man dug coal upstate. I washed and cooked meals for eleven people. We had meat maybe twice a week."

Fletcher Hatch smiled. He refilled the glasses.

"Pennsylvania miners' got rugged womenfolks," he remarked. Then he turned his head toward the kitchen door and called, "Hey, Jesse!"

The negro boy's teeth were amazingly white in the gloom. He was sixteen, tall and robust for his age.

Hatch said, "Tidy up the room with the choice view . . . This world down here's full a trees, Kay Kress. Jesse, what kind of supper's your grandmaw fixin'?"

Jesse rolled his eyes. "Elegant. Just elegant."

He picked up Kay Kress' suitcase and went upstairs. Kay Kress glanced idly at the yellow hair on the bar, then gasped as she realised the significance of the parch-

By ALAN ANDERSON

mentlike fragment adhering to the end of it.

Hatch said, "Yep, a scalp. Belonged to the wife of the first Hatch to settle here. A drunken Indian scalped her in this room a couple a hundred years ago. A little French lady, she was. They was just married a month when she was kilt. Her husband went crazy mad. He took an' ax an' went down to the Mingo village down the trail a ways."

"They had a scalp pole in the centre of the village, so visitors could see what good warriors they had. He chopped it down. He took this scalp. Indians wouldn't harm a crazy man. He grabbed him the handsomest Indian maid in the village an' brought her here."

She nodded. "Your ancestress?"

"Yep. A missionary by the name of Christian Frederick Post come by an' talked him into marryin' her. They had kids by then."

He had been stroking the hair caressingly.

She said, "That scalp means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

He shifted uncomfortably.

"It ain't easy to explain," he confessed. "All us Hatch men has set store by this scalp. You see, people who have kids never die. This little lady never had a chance. Long as a Hatch has this scalp, she ain't forgot. I'm the last of the line. I took this scalp to war. A strange comfort it was too."

Kay Kress stared at the scalp.

Jesse came downstairs and said, "Ready, missy."

Hatch watched Kay Kress follow Jesse up the stairs. She walked like a deer—graceful, sure-footed, head high.

J. Wentworth Demlock came out from behind the chair where he had been hiding.

"I'm taking over the picture company she works for," he said, his voice dripping cynicism. "I'm dropping her. She's good, but expensive. In her thirties, too."

"Me, I'm thirty-eight, an' I figure I'm in my prime."

"Like her, don't you?"

Demlock asked.

"I like the stars, too."

Hatch said, "And the moon on a frosty night."

"I like lots of things I can't have."

Demlock frowned in annoyance.

He said, "You're an educated man, Hatch. Why do you insist on talking like a cross between a hillbilly and a cowboy?"

"I come back from school spoutin' two-bit words," Hatch said, "an' lost every friend I had. The people in this valley are mighty strange and clannish. The youngest family hereabouts settled a hundred and sixty years ago."

Demlock sighed. "I give up. Guess I'll go down and watch the professor dig his little holes." He left the inn.

The negro boy came down the stairs flipping a silver dollar in the air and catching it. "A pretty lady," he avowed. "She sure is pretty. She makes music when she walks, she does."

"Actresses have got to be pretty," Hatch pointed out.

"I ain't talkin' about that," Jesse protested. "Inside, I mean. She's pretty inside, all bright and shiny like General Monckton's dog teeth. Grandmaw says you gotta look inside people."



# Honeymoons can last forever—

**But it took Nancy a long time to find out . .**

MARRIED A YEAR AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KISS ME GOODBYE. I NEVER THOUGHT BILL WOULD STOP CARING, MOTHER

MAYBE THE FAULT IS YOURS, DEAR. YOU'RE NOT THE SAME DAINITY GIRL YOU WERE AT HOME... YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBOUY THEN

BUT MOTHER, SURELY I COULDN'T HAVE 'B.O.' I BATH EVERY DAY

BUT NOT WITH LIFEBOUY, NANCY. AND NO SOAP WITHOUT LIFEBOUY'S SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT CAN KEEP YOU SO FRESH AND DAINITY

I WAS SILLY. HOW COULD I FORGET THAT REFRESHING LIFEBOUY. I'LL NEVER CHANGE AGAIN

**The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy**

On hot summer days you perspire more freely. That's why you need Lifebuoy more than ever — it's the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives lasting, all-over protection!

YOU'RE SO SWEET AND ADORABLE I'M SCARED OF LOSING YOU

*She Thinks:* I MIGHT HAVE LOST YOU, DEAR, IF I HADN'T FOUND LIFEBOUY'S PROTECTION AGAIN

**LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP**

## Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS

wash clothes **WHITER** than you  
could 'scrub' 'em in a month  
of Sundays!

How I wish I could see your smile the first time you peg out a Rinso wash with everything so crisp and bright! And not an ounce of rubbing in a copper-load, 'cause Rinso's suds are thicker, richer suds that go deep down under the water and loosen ALL the dirt. A sprinkle of Rinso . . . a whisk or two with the copper stick—and whee, your wash is fresh and clean right through!



**Let RINSO SUDS do the hard work for you!**



SHOW me a woman who says she understands a man, and I'll show you a liar," said Julie, yawning. "Or else a fool," she added, after a moment's thought.

"I understand Quentin all right," said Pam.

"You heard what I said," observed Julie.

"Oh, I heard. But you're not married."

"Lookers-on..." said Julie.

"Most of those old sayings are nonsense. That one is. I've been married to Quentin for four years and I do understand him."

"And does he understand you?"

"As if any man understood a woman!"

"You are amusing, darling. I do enjoy your views on life."

Pam rose, with some violence, and recklessly put on more coal.

"There are times when I could strangle you, Julie. Why is it that single women imagine themselves so much more sophisticated than married ones?"

"Not than all married ones. Only those who married their first."

"When are you going?" asked Pam.

"Not for twenty minutes. I want a cup of tea. But don't look like that, lamb. I was only teasing you. But I wish you'd take a bit of advice from a woman in her early thirties and don't be so sure of your husband."

She rose and came close to little Mrs. Waybridge, laying a hand on her shoulder. "I'm not really a nut, and I hate to see a child toddling on the edge of a precipice without putting out a hand to try and save it."

"All that," said Pam, "is, as I said before, just nonsense. Quentin and I love each other, and he's happy to be home again, and I know he isn't restive."

"Yet," said Julie.

"Go and boil the kettle," said Pam.

Pam had been twenty when she married and was now twenty-four. She was soft and sweet, and merry and adorable, with big blue eyes that might look a little silly when she was middle-aged, and fluffy hair that might, later, look mousey, but at present was everything that was charming, with its upswept curve

## DESIGNING WOMAN

and its Edwardian pouf over the forehead.

Julie steadily refused to wear this type of hairdo.

"I'm not young enough," she explained, "to add ten years deliberately. Pam can do it. But I'm thirty-two."

She continued to wear her own silky brown hair a close-set coronet of curls. She was very slender, and her skin was as pale and as smooth as the inside of a shell.

The only touches of color in her face were her dark grey eyes and her holly-red lipstick. She wore very simple clothes, but they were devastatingly right.

She touched life with a light fingertip. She had a kindly tolerance and understanding of the silly littlenesses of humanity.

Men liked to tell her about their difficulties, and how misunderstood they were, but what absolutely marvellous women their wives really were, you know: much too good for them; she mustn't for one minute think; and so forth.

Julie knew it all by heart, but she still sympathised, and smiled her delightful el'n smile, and let them hold her hand, and kiss her good night in the taxi.

"Where's all this getting you, Julie?" asked her employer, the famous Eric Winletter, for whom she worked as special model. "Not that I want you to marry, but why don't you?"

"I don't know. I looked on it all and find it leaves a poor taste in the mouth. Do you see me washing nappies and boiling milk?"

"I could design you a perfect nappy-washing suit. But right now I'll take you out to dinner. Here, slip into that. I want to see how it goes."

He tossed her over a scintillating affair of dull hyacinth-blue, with a gold thread running through it.



By ...  
**MARY JUST**

"You have just the right expression for that gown, Julie," Eric said with approval.

Eric Winletter was not in the least one's conception of the male dress designer. He was in his present line simply because he was the only son of an even more famous Eric Winletter, who had designed dresses for all the dear dead women whose names are now household words.

The younger Eric had early discovered, somewhat to his own surprise, that he had an inherited gift for the same thing.

He and Julie were firm friends. They knew quite a lot about each other, and had survived a somewhat heady little love affair early in their acquaintance.

"You're a good girl, and I'm pleased with you, darling. You've just got the right expression on for that gown, too. A sort of dreamy, throw-in-my-hand-to-Fate look."

The dress was a head-turning success at the restaurant to which they went for dinner. Eric was satisfied.

Julie thought for a minute. Eric watched her without appearing to do so, waited.

At last she said: "I've been trying to do what's right for the past fortnight, with both hands and all my might. And everyone will persist in pushing me in the other direction."

"So what?"

"Not as easy as all that. I'm very fond of his wife. She trusts me. In fact, she's my own cousin."

"What? The decorative and decorated Quentin?" He gazed at her rather as if seeing her for the first time. "You really mean..."

"I always rather wondered why he married Pam, you know. It didn't quite seem to add up. However, he says he had one of those lapses—those kind of men often do, you know. He thought I was just a gay girl, not the sort that makes a good wife and a good mother."

"The fool," said Eric.

"Frankly, darling, should I?"

"Haven't thought. Go on."

Please turn to page 26

Exquisite Creations

PERFUMED COLOGNE

BAROQUE FACE POWDER

MARSAL

PERFUMES

LIPSTICK

5 SHADES

Obtainable from leading Stores & Chemists

It won't rub off

THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

Shu-Milk

Sold everywhere in bottles and tubes

Benger's Special

JUNKET POWDERS contain real food value

Phosphorous for strengthening nerves and calcium for building bone. Its extra goodness is well worth the little extra cost. 5 delicious, appealing flavours—strawberry, banana, milk chocolate, coffee and vanilla.

BJSB

Page 7





# three flowers CREATIONS

Lipstick



Rouge



Face Powder



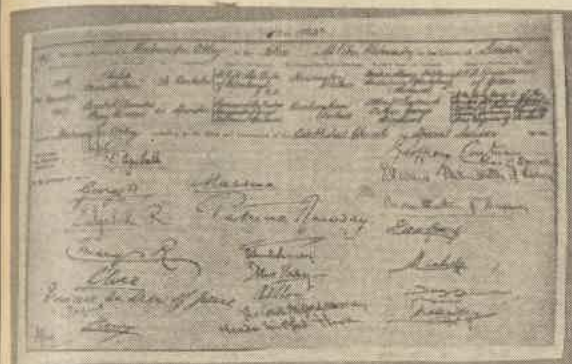
Also Cream, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder

*To enhance your loveliness*

RICHARD HUDNUT



# Princess Margaret enjoyed sister's wedding



MARRIAGE REGISTER. The signatures of Princess Elizabeth and her husband were witnessed by nineteen Royal personages.

## Tells some of the incidents at supper dance afterwards

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

As a happy climax to a day of smiles, a day that

millions will remember, I joined the Royal wedding bridesmaids at a supper dance at Ciro's.

There I heard from Princess Margaret the story of the wedding breakfast and wonderful send-off the bridesmaids and guests gave the Royal bride and groom.

"Oh! It was a wonderful day!" Princess Margaret said, her blue eyes shining and her elfin face dimpling in smiles, as she recalled many of the less serious moments.

"And I am so happy that everything went off so well!"

Princess Margaret said she was tired, but she did not look tired, and like the other bridesmaids had changed into evening dress.

Later, the Duchess of Kent joined the party and later still Prince John and Princess Elizabeth of Luxembourg.

All the men in the party had changed from Service dress to dinner dress, and all wore a sprig of white heather in their buttonholes.

These had marked the place-cards on the Royal wedding breakfast tables.

To Princess Margaret the wedding of Princess Elizabeth was just a family affair.

Like any younger sister chosen to be chief bridesmaid she had worried about the bride's train and the pages' handling of it.

### At the breakfast

"I HAD to fix it several times," she said, but none of her duties had dimmed Princess Margaret's impression of the stately Abbey and the glittering multitude of kings, queens, princes, statesmen, and commoners, nor the cheering of the thousands who lined the route.

"I do hope you saw the wedding. It was so wonderful," she said to me. "I hope you had a good seat."

The bridesmaids, Princess Margaret, best man, and equerries laughed as they recalled some of the more amusing incidents at the wedding breakfast.

"I thought the cake was going to topple," Princess Margaret said.

It appears the special gadget for drawing away a slice on wheels did not work.

"When Lilibet pulled the ribbons they came off," Princess Margaret laughed, "and I'm sure Philip's sword must have been very blunt; it wouldn't cut the cake."

"They had to press harder and harder till I was certain the whole thing would come to pieces."

But the naval lieutenants in the party and the best man made haste to assure the young sister of the bride that the sword was very sharp indeed.



THE WEDDING. Magnificent scene in the Abbey as the bride and bridegroom exchange vows.—Radio photos.

None of the bridesmaids got any of the gold symbols in the cake, but Princess Margaret said:

"Well, there is still a lot of it to cut—all those tiers."

For Margaret the wedding of Princess Elizabeth ends the years of close companionship.

Although during the past year or two their public life has run on different courses, the two Princesses have shared since childhood all interests and the closest confidence in each other.

A good deal of Princess Margaret's time now will be occupied by public duties. One could feel that already Princess Margaret was conscious of

the separation, which leaves a temporary gap in her life.

But Elizabeth's wedding day was not one on which to dwell on the more serious aspects of their lives. The whole day had been one of splendor and pageantry.

There was the martial music of the Guards' bands, merry peals of London's bells, the breathtaking picture of the Household Cavalry escorts, resplendent in full dress, with shining breastplates and nodding plumes.

There were the processions and the old-world State coaches.

By common consent it was the

Princess' day, but thoughts of many turned to the King and Queen. Her Majesty was a warm and lovely figure in a magnificent gown of cloth of gold, to which the rich blue sash of the Order of the Garter provided a striking contrast.

It was a touching moment when the bride and groom emerged from the chapel and Philip bowed low to the King and Queen and Elizabeth dropped a deep curtsy. A few moments before, while all the world listened and imagined the scene, her soft "I will" had set the seal of true love.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, in an open landau, leaving Buckingham Palace for their honeymoon.

And afterwards at the reception the King raising his glass said: "Our daughter is marrying the man she loves."

The whole world felt that this was not only the marriage of a Prince and Princess but the marriage of a boy and girl in love.

The toast was Elizabeth and Philip—the moment theirs.

And the bride, speaking at her own wedding, said, "I ask nothing more than that Philip and I should be as happy as my Father and Mother have been and Queen Mary and King George before them."

To deafening cries of "we want the bride" from the great throng of people who had swarmed into the Palace courtyard, Elizabeth and Philip stepped on to the balcony and smiled and waved.

Then came the unforgettable scene of all the bridesmaids and Royal guests pelting the bride and groom with flowers as they left on the honeymoon.

Princess Margaret told me: "We ran after the coach showering rose-petals on Elizabeth and Philip until we were breathless and the coach gathering speed outstripped us."

### Six helpers

SIX people dressed Elizabeth for her wedding and when Princess Margaret was dressed she, too, helped with final details.

Miss Macdonald, Elizabeth's maid, was assisted by two dressers from Hartnell's, the Court Jeweller arranged the tiara, and Monsieur Joerin dressed the bride's hair.

Her shoes were buckled on with diamante and pearl clasps by the Court shoemaker.

Then, when she was dressed, all the bridesmaids trooped in to see the bride.

After that the King and Queen sat with Princess Elizabeth in her sitting-room—the last time Their Majesties would be with their daughter alone before she was married.

With sisterly admiration, Princess Margaret said "Elizabeth looked so radiantly happy."

The day of smiles ended with a night of celebration for the bridesmaids and the Royal guests as they toasted the Royal couple, danced in the West End, and talked about the wedding.

As the little sister Margaret danced with the best man, the Marquis of Milford Haven, Elizabeth and Philip on their honeymoon were having supper in front of a log fire, and talking of the happenings of the day.

To the bridal party it was just a family wedding—the wedding of a young English girl whom they all loved.



## CONTROL OF PRICES

**H**OUSEWIVES will watch with critical interest the discussions at Canberra on the bill to control rents and prices, which, when passed, must be ratified by a referendum of the people since it involves an amendment of the Constitution.

Their interest reflects the basic importance of this matter to homemakers whose weekly job it is to spread the wage-earners' money to cover rent, food, and clothing.

Throughout the war years, and since, one of the biggest of their many anxieties has been the ever rising spiral of prices.

The condition is not peculiar to Australia. President Truman's alarm over the dangerous inflationary trend in the United States has led him to ask for wide powers of control, which are now being hotly debated there.

Introducing the Australian bill, the Minister for Labor and Industry (Mr. Holloway) laid special emphasis on rents.

The dreary certainty that the housing shortage will last for years makes it obvious that competition in letting is not going to operate against high rents for many a day.

Many people dislike government interference and control, but while shortages prevent the law of supply and demand controlling prices someone must protect the consumer against impossible rises.

The bill is designed, said Mr. Holloway, to protect the people against inflation, depression, and racketeers. It is an issue worthy of the liveliest interest and most searching discussion in all its aspects.



ARTIST SPROD visits an antique shop. We think he is probably the man in right foreground.

## It seems to me....

**N**EXT week thousands of children will be listening patiently to speechmakers telling them that the best years of their lives are behind them.

This trite and untrue statement is fortunately never taken seriously by the kids, who are mostly looking forward avidly to growing up.

In actual fact the best years are ahead of them, and it would be better to tell them that now is the time to begin filling in the gaps in their education, to acquire enough skill and interests to last them the rest of their lives.

Bertrand Russell once said that whenever he saw anyone with a hobby that he hadn't tried he envied them as possessing another barrier against loneliness.

The more things you can do—(whether putting up a shelf or rowing a boat), the more things that interest you (whether football or art shows)—the happier life can be.

Nowadays when so many people must earn their living at uncreative and monotonous jobs, spare time hobbies and interests are more essential than ever.

**R**EMEMBERING the magnificent broadcast of the Royal wedding, I'm wondering if, when television's common, there'll be any cheering crowds to record at such events.

Probably every listener gathered a more complete idea of what was happening than any participant or watcher, no matter how good the vantage point.

You still couldn't see, of course, but television will take care of that. Perhaps there will come a time when millions, even when within easy distance of celebrations, will stay home by the television set.

If that really happened, and most human beings continually stayed home and had events brought to them on a screen, evolution might develop us into creatures consisting mainly of eyes and ears.

You may not find this an attractive thought, but think how it would solve our transport problems!

**F**OR 30 years an American businessman has been fighting against the handshaking habit, which he thinks an awful waste of time.

He is reported to have broken his lifelong rule recently by shaking hands with 30 businessmen at a dinner in Buenos Aires before leaving for Australia.

Hand-shaking is a waste of time, no doubt. So is saying "please" and "thank you," and asking people how they are, and would they care for a little salt. Why not just throw the salt at 'em, or, better still, let them grab it for themselves?

In fact, all polite exchanges and courtesies are a waste of time. They are also among the things that make life tolerable.

BY



Dorothy Drain

**O**N paper the British scheme of State hotels for the aged looks a fine one.

How soon it can be put into practice, with conditions in Britain as they are, is another matter; but the scheme, introduced as part of the National Assistance Bill presented to Parliament recently, allows for the building of hotels to house 40,000 men and women.

Pensioners will pay 25/- a week out of their 31/- a week. That doesn't leave much, but it must be a considerably brighter prospect than trying to find housing and food independently for that amount.

Those who have bigger incomes will be asked to pay more but there will be no means test for entry.

The hotels are intended for men and women over 60 who are not ill, but need a little looking after—a description that covers a big percentage of elderly people.

One of the bitterest aspects of old age is dependence on other people, the need to live in the houses of relatives, who, while theoretically willing to help, often find it difficult to disguise that they are inconvenienced. Thousands will welcome the scheme, which will be free of the taint of charity.

**O**NE of the most disastrous habits to acquire is intolerance. I do hope I am going to be a dear old lady who won't moan about the noise the young people make coming home in their helicopters at all hours of the night.

You can get used to anything from surrealism to crooners. In fact, you can acquire a taste for them if you try.

But there's one popular pastime I hope never hits this country in force, and that's bubble gum. I'm told that there was some around before the war but am pleased to say I never saw it in action.

According to a news cable American children are blowing twenty million bubbles a day from the repulsive stuff. (Goodness knows who collates these extraordinary statistics.)

Owing to the efforts of an Austrian-born expert, who has invented a plastic type of gum, they'll soon be blowing them by the thousand million. Already he has nine factories working night and day to meet the demand.

Before marketing it he tested it, found it was non-poisonous. Pity!

**I** WONDER if you know how hard it is to be a weekly bard  
When neither happy inspiration  
Nor earnest, dogged application  
Produce a thought, apart from wishing  
That one were far away, and fishing.

## Interesting People



BEGUM HABIB IBRAHIM RAHIMTOOLA

begs to help refugees

**VIVACIOUS**, intelligent, and beautiful Begum Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola is wife of Pakistan's first High Commissioner in London. She speaks perfect English and spends at least two hours each day at Pakistan Government Offices interviewing people in connection with her campaign for doctors, nurses, medical supplies, warm clothing for new Dominion's refugees. Says: "You'd be amazed at wonderful response."



MR. FRANK LAUNDER

directing "Blue Lagoon"

**DIRECTOR** of "Blue Lagoon," to be filmed in Fiji, is Frank Launder. He thought acting his meter when he was a young clerk in the Official Receiver's office in Brighton. Public helped him realise his mistake, and he began to write plays. With Sydney Gilliat he has written many successful British films. Launder's hobby is living in period houses. Twenty-three in 12 years is record so far. He arrives here this week on way to Fiji.



MISS NORMA DUNLOP

valuable welfare work

**FOLLOWING** work with Y.W.C.A. in Burma, and nine months with the Indian Government Rehabilitation Department, ex-servicemen's section, Norma Dunlop, of Sydney, is in Germany running clubs for the Y.W.C.A. in conjunction with the British Army as part of rehabilitation. A brilliant student, she gained her cap and gown for music when 13. Is keen horse-back rider, won prizes at Sydney Royal Show.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

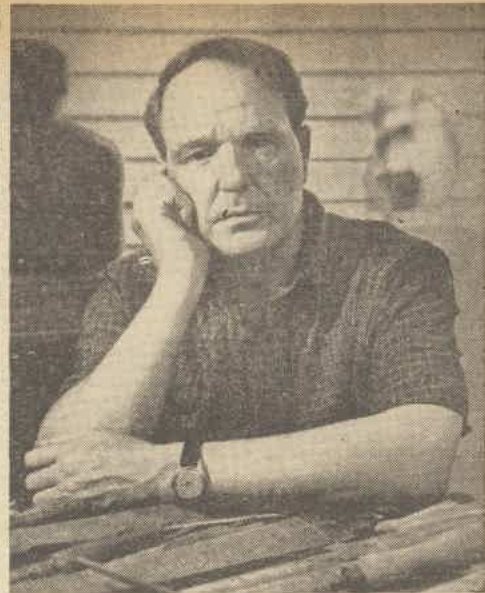




AUTHOR Gerald Kersh, who wrote, among other books, "They Die With Their Boots Clean." These four studies of noted men are by Douglas Glass, now in Australia.



ACTOR ALEC GUINNESS in his London dressing-room. Guinness, who, according to Glass, is "moving up fast," will be the crafty Fagin in "Oliver Twist."



SCULPTOR Henry Moore, whose work in stone, wood, lead, and string was exhibited recently in Australia. He is England's foremost modern sculptor.

## His camera will show Australians—as they are

Noted London photographer Douglas Glass to work here for 18 months

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Although he has photographed many British notables, bearded London photographer Douglas Glass, at present visiting Australia, is not interested in training his camera on local celebrities.

He is here to picture the virtues, failings, peculiarities, and general outlook of you, me, and the next person.

AND, what's more, the photographing of our little traits, attractive or otherwise, should prove highly profitable for him.

Editors of several overseas magazines, including "Fortune" and "Vogue," are much interested in Australia, and are willing to pay Douglas Glass quite well for a series of pictures illustrating Australian life.

He is an interesting character, and certainly a vital one.

He obviously hates wasting time, and during our chat he alternately sat astride a chair—biting every now and then into the back of it while he pondered some special point—or raced rapidly up and down the room.

His appearance is arresting, and as he hopes to "cover Australia" during the next 18 months you won't have any difficulty in recognising him if he crosses your path.

He has a thick, black beard, equally thick, black hair, and vivid brown eyes.

He is a small man, and when I met him he was dressed in a large Donegal rishan coat which completely covered his other clothes except for a rather natty blue-and-silver check bow tie, a few inches of grey trousersed legs, white socks, and bright tan, thick-soled shoes.

"These are my business clothes," he explained.

"I'm anxious to get my plans under way so that I can get into dingerees."

"I hate being all dressed up," he added.

He had with him a folder containing some of his photographs.

He likes to photograph people who



DOUGLAS GLASS. This picture was taken by a staff photographer.

him I knew nothing of politics, but was not a bore, and asked him to set a place for me at dinner.

"Of course, she never has anything stronger than squash or ginger ale in her house," he added.

George Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, posed amiably, but "hampered things a bit" by telling Douglas how to go about his work.

"Actually, he knows a fair bit about photography, but he'd never earn his living at it," Douglas said.

"He's a kind old boy, covering up with a lot of wild noise."

James Joyce, author of the banned "Ulysses," he found a "reticent sort of person who never swears in conversation."

"The language of his book is certainly not his personal language," he said.

Douglas knew D. H. Lawrence "too well to photograph," but said he derived great pleasure from photographing famous painter Augustus John.

"He's in his seventies and is the last of the great, flamboyant, romantic Bohemians," he enthused.

"He married a wonderful gipsy, and has one son a Jesuit priest, another a boxer, a third a naval captain, a fourth a poet, and a fifth a painter."

Douglas Glass is obviously completely satisfied with his photographic career, but told me his early ambition in life was to become a painter.

This ambition took him from his birthplace, Auckland, New Zealand, to Europe 22 years ago.

He was then 22 years old, and he studied painting for several years before he decided he "wasn't quite good enough."

"Actually, I didn't get far enough to assess my real value as a painter," he said modestly.

"Some of my paintings were bought by Sir Michael Sadler and Guggenheimer, of New York, but perhaps they were kind because I was broke."

He married artist Jane Richardson, whom he met at the Slade Art School, and they now have a small son, Christopher.

He "took up" photography after he had toured Europe, giving lectures on New Zealand.

According to Douglas Glass, art circles in England are impressed with the young school of Australian



PAINTER Augustus John. "Last of the great flamboyant figures that used to exist," John is still painting happily and successfully and is Douglas Glass' favorite photographic subject.

painters, and the "Saturday Book" has asked him to photograph Norman Lindsay, William Dobell, and Russell Drysdale.

"Australian paintings to-day have an individual quality even if they are somewhat undeveloped in character," he said.

"Our art enthusiasts are also impressed by the fact that Australians buy their own artists."

"You don't find that in France, which has created congenial conditions for artists to work in but does not support them."

He also thinks our portrait photographs are better than Bond Street's, but "abhors those tinted things you see everywhere in Australia."

"They're vulgar and unpleasant and right out of date overseas," he said.

I was anxious to hear more about the people he had photographed, but

Douglas has put the "notables" behind him temporarily and is completely absorbed in the work he wants to do in Australia.

I asked about stage and film people, but apart from enthusing about film actor Alec Guinness, he declared that he did not want to be thought about as "someone who photographs stage people," but as one who photographs life.

"I'm not interested in glamor girls or well-knowns, and I couldn't remove a double chin in a photograph for the life of me," he said.

"I look on Australia as a foreign country, and while I'm here I want to photograph the butcher's and greengrocer's shops, the schools, country dances, and social life generally."

"I'm interested in hillbillies. In fact," he said, looking me full in the face, "I want to photograph ordinary people like you."



I WAS beginning to get a little sick. "I don't want to be just decorative," I protested. "I want to be a good actor—"

"That's up to you," Marshall shrugged indifferently. "But you listen to me, sonny." He crouched further forward.

"You'll sign a contract before we make any expensive tests with the privilege of my cancelling it in thirty days. And if I think you'll make money for this studio, no matter what kind of an actor you are, you'll act for me for at least five years. Don't think I'll build you up and then let you run back to Hanley."

The idea of being tied to that sadistic old man for a possible five years didn't make me very happy. I had a bad case of irresolution for a few moments, and it was only the thought of Alex crowing that made me say, "I'll sign."

Marshall rubbed his claws together and then stuck out one bony finger and pushed a button on his desk.

After the papers were drawn up and arrangements made for the test I drove toward home, and wondered what I had got myself into. It didn't seem so exciting any more. I needed reassurance, and then I thought of Lucy Morgan. I headed for Holmby Hills and Lucy's small, unpretentious Spanish bungalow.

I saw her sitting in a beach chair as I drove up. She was in shorts and short jacket, and her fine strong legs looked elegantly bare. She had a glass in one hand.

"Josh," she said, and she got up. She looked alarmed, as though Alex might pop out of my rumble seat any minute. "What are you doing here?"

"I needed someone to talk to," I said.

"If your father—" she began. "Haven't you heard?" I asked. "I quit the studio. That's what I came to talk to you about."

Lucy sat down quickly and took a long drag on her drink. She motioned to a glass-topped garden table. I went over, and as I mixed myself a drink I told her what I'd been doing all morning.

"Josh, you're crazy," she said breathlessly, but she was smiling. "Maybe," I said. "I sure delivered myself into Marshall's clutches, as they used to say in pictures in the old days. And by the way," I went on, "while we are on the old days, why didn't you tell me that you and Alex . . . that . . ."

I suddenly got embarrassed. "Forget it," I finished.

"Forget what?" Lucy insisted. "It doesn't matter now."

"What did Alex tell you?" "Skip it, Lucy."

"What did he tell you about me?" "I was sorry I ever opened my big mouth. My face got very red."

"Don't be such a schoolboy, Josh," she said.

"He said you were his mistress." "He's a liar!" Lucy said angrily. "Then why—"

"Because," Lucy said, "because I was your mother's best friend, though I was younger than she was, Alex knew that. That's why he would never let me near you when you were younger—"

I nodded my head. "Alex hates to talk about mother, and I guess he didn't want you talking to me about her either."

"Your father is the kind of man who tries to possess everything he gets his hand on," Lucy said. "Look at you. He'd lock your soul in his office drawer if he could. That's what he tried to do with Marie. Maybe she couldn't act as well as Elsie Ferguson or Norma Talmadge, but people loved her just the same, and she loved being an actress."

Her eyes blazed. "Your father put a stop to that. I don't think she loved Farnsworth, but he loved her, and she was being suffocated and had to get away."

"I was feeling pretty gloomy." "He's been good to me in a lot of ways—" I said lamely.

Lucy looked at me quickly. "Oh, I suppose he loves you. He used to make enough fuss over you when you were a kid. But he's a dog in the manger. He made a fuss over Marie, too, until she began to act as if she might have a thought or two of her own. Alex can only be generous when he has you right in his pocket."

## Continuing . . . The Brick Wall

from page 3

I tried to change the subject. "Well, to-morrow," I said, "I'm going to do a scene from that thing I played in Pasadena. I have the script in the car."

Lucy brightened. "Would you like me to read it with you?"

"Would you?" I asked quickly. "Hey, that would be terrific. You could do the part of the girl."

We got the script and Lucy read over what I intended to do. She shook her head and searched through the script for something else.

"This is what you want to do," she said, poking the page with her finger. "This scene with the uncle. Get Marshall to let you have Bromwell do the old man. He's a swell actor, and he'll give you plenty of support. It won't hurt you any if the whole test looks good."

We tried the part Lucy suggested. At the end of a half-hour she shook her head. "Josh, it doesn't all come out. You're too tense, too stiff. Relax—"

"I can't relax," I said. "Hang it all, I'm as nervous as a cat."

Lucy stared at me thoughtfully. "Try to imagine the uncle in the script is Alex, and you're telling him, Alex, off. Forget it's a script you're reading. Make it real. Believe what you're saying."

I tried that. I raged. I yelled. I stormed. I gestured. I belloved. I had a very good time.

Lucy stopped me before I was half-way through.

"Uh, uh," she said, trying to be kind, I could see her nose wrinkling, and I felt like blowing my brains out.

"Maybe I'd better try it the way I did it the first time."

"Listen," she said, "try it this way. You've got the job with Marshall. Your father still makes you angry, but you know he can't touch you any more. You have confidence in yourself. You know you don't need him or his help. When you talk to him this time imagine you're cutting him down to your size. He's not such a big guy after all. You're a little contemptuous. Go ahead now, do it again. I'll cue you—"

I was doubtful, but I waited for Lucy's cue and then I half-shut my eyes and tried very hard to see Alex.

Once I got started, it was like cutting roast beef with a sharp knife. I think I was getting a little drunk with my own imagined power when Lucy stopped me.

Her eyes were wide. "Josh!" she said breathlessly. "Do you know how good that reading was?"

I blinked. "Was that better?" "Better?" Lucy laughed. "You were terrific. You frightened me. You sounded exactly—" she broke off. "I want to hear that again," she said abruptly.

I was relaxed now. I knew I could do it. It had been four years since I played at Pasadena, but it was all coming back again. The easy handling of my voice, the sense of heady rhythm, the tempo, the controlled volume. It came out like toothpaste out of a tube. I read for two hours more until I was getting hoarse. But I didn't have to worry any more.

"That's enough," Lucy said. "You get a good night's sleep and let that stick in your head." She burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" "Oh, if you can only hang on to that style." Then she started to laugh again.

"But it's a serious script," I said, I was trying to sound funny.

"It's not funny, not the way you think," she said. "Believe me, you're all right, Josh . . . you're devastating."

But she wouldn't tell me what made her laugh so hard.

The lights came on in Marshall's private projection room after the most weird and embarrassing experience I ever had in my life. I had just seen myself in a screen

test. George Blaine, the director of the test, was on my right in the deep-cushioned seats, and Asa Marshall had been cracking his knuckles on my left.

I was still blinking my eyes at the blank white screen when I realised that Marshall was staring at me curiously.

"If he only had just a little more weight . . . here," he said to George, indicating his own scrawny diaphragm.

"Yeah," Blaine nodded and grinned.

It didn't make sense to me, and I didn't care anyway. I was so miserable, so convinced that I was a failure, that I thought of offering to commit suicide and leave a note confessing responsibility for the whole incredibly ghastly mistake.

As a film cutter and movie technician I expected, of course, that my voice would sound different from the screen. Not so much to others but to myself. That phenomenon is always a terrible shock to any new screen actor. I had known it to unnervingly some actors so much that afterward they never went to see themselves in the pictures they made.

But I wasn't prepared to hear the voice that sounded so terribly familiar yet not at all like my own. In addition to that, the image of



myself, the first huge, close-up shot of my face, was terrifying.

"I would never have believed it," Marshall was saying. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!"

Blaine grinned wolfishly. "Yeah," he said. "It was fantastic."

"What was that scene from?" Marshall asked George.

George explained that it was an experimental, non-commercial play that Kingman, who was now working for Marshall, had written four years before.

I broke in and started to babble some nonsense about maybe I should have picked something else for the test. Marshall ignored me and continued talking to George Blaine.

"What's the name of it?" Marshall asked.

"The Midas Touch," George said. "Never heard of it," Marshall said. He got up on his skinny, brittle legs. He turned and faced me.

"I'm going to buy that play," he said. "I'm going to put some writers on it and make a picture out of it." Then he said something that has always made me go a little faint every time I think of it. "That," he said, "is going to be your first picture, sonny."

I tried to say something—I don't know what.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he cackled. "You look a little green around the gills."

"But I thought . . . the test . . ."

"Good test," Marshall cackled. "By heavens, it's the funniest thing I've seen in years," Blaine just grinned.

"Is this a joke?" I burst out. "Are you kidding me?"

"You'll do, sonny, you'll do fine," Marshall said. "When you first came to me I thought you looked a little like your mother. Maybe it's the eyes. But with the make-up and with the dialogue and that rat Hanley's voice—" He spread his

hands. "It's the darndest take-off on your father I ever hope to see. Only you're better looking."

I knew then what had impressed Lucy and why she wouldn't tell me about it. And why Marshall would have liked a little more weight around my middle.

"Come on, sonny," Marshall said, pulling my arm. "We're going to my office to talk business." I was really confused, and hardly knew I was walking, but got there somehow.

Alex put his knife and fork down on his plate with a clatter and stared at me across the dinner table.

"Well, I'm waiting," he said impatiently.

"For what?" I said it with my mouth full of roast beef.

"You made the test this afternoon, didn't you? Well, what happened?"

"Oh, the test," I said, trying to sound casual.

"Oh, the test!" he mimicked me. The idea of Alex mimicking me caught me just right. I almost choked laughing.

"I didn't say anything funny," he snapped. "What about the test?"

"I'm in."

"In what?" he demanded.

"In pictures," I chuckled. "Marshall thinks I have a unique style."

"I suppose he's given you a part with six words?" Alex asked. Mrs. Gilpin was coming in with the dessert. Alex turned on her.

"Get out!" he said. She turned a hurt look at me and left quickly. I thought I could hear her crying in the kitchen.

"You shouldn't have done that, Alex," I said.

"Don't tell me how to run my house," he snapped. "What kind of a part did he give you?"

"I'm not at liberty to tell you," I said, enjoying myself.

"Indeed?" He frowned. "Why don't you tell me he's starring you in your first picture?"

"Could be," I shrugged. Alex threw his napkin on the table and got up.

"I found out who put you up to this fantastic nonsense," he said. "If you don't stay away from Daisy Hathaway, I'll throw you out of this house. I'm going to the library if you want to talk to me."

"I've said all I have to say," I said. "Except you might step into the kitchen and tell Mrs. Gilpin I'd like my dessert now."

Alex stared at me with a stunned expression in his eyes. Then, without another word, he left the dining-room. I got up and went into the kitchen to have my dessert, and it was while I was mollywauling Mrs. Gilpin that I decided seeing Daisy wouldn't be a bad idea for the evening. I owed her something.

I was on my way out of the house when Alex's voice stopped me in the hall just outside the library.

"Josh, come in here!"

I pushed open the door, wondering why the familiar command no longer made me jump the way it used to. Then I remembered I was on contract to one of the biggest studios in Hollywood and Alex's long arm couldn't reach me.

Somewhat it made me feel a little sad, and a little older, and a little lonely, in a funny sort of way.

I saw him sitting in his leather chair trying to be the tough old man, and for a moment I wanted to tell him it was all just a game I was playing and didn't really mean a thing. Then the image of myself in that screen test came back to my mind and I realised it wasn't a game.

"Yes, Alex?" I said.

"Where are you going?"

Alex had never before been terribly interested in my wanderings, but I understood his sense of insecurity with me now; yet I didn't think I had to account for myself even to satisfy his curiosity.

"Out!" I said.

"Where are you going?"

Alex had never before been terribly interested in my wanderings, but I understood his sense of insecurity with me now; yet I didn't think I had to account for myself even to satisfy his curiosity.

"Out!" I said.

ALEX stared at me. "I asked you a question," he said levelly.

"I don't think you ought to ask me," I said, staring back at him. "But what's the difference where I'm going? I might be going out to get drunk."

Alex snorted. "Or to a night baseball game," I went on; "or to see a movie . . . or maybe to visit Daisy Hathaway."

"What?"

"Suppose I want to see Daisy? What's wrong with that?"

"I've already told you what's wrong with it."

"I think Daisy would be the first to say that she isn't your property. And being your son doesn't make me your property, either. Nor does a lie make a woman a man's mistress."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, but his face looked a little funny.

"Lucy Morgan. You lied about her relationship with you in front of witnesses. If she wasn't too swell a woman she could sue you for libel or slander or whatever it is and stick you for plenty. Haven't you any consideration for other people's reputations at all?"

Alex blinked at me. "So that's why Morgan asked to buy up her contract. You told her?"

"Yes. And she has an offer from Marshall. I spoke to him about it. I think you'd better consider giving Lucy her contract. Besides collecting damages she can make you the most ridiculous figure in Hollywood."

Alex had regained his usual disdainful composure.

"I had a perfectly good reason for saying what I did. And I consider it pretty disloyal of you to reveal a confidential conversation I had with you to someone else."

"It wasn't so confidential with Daisy forced to listen to it."

"Daisy is my confidential secretary."

"Well, when I see her I'll ask her what she thinks of her job. Maybe I can get her a job with Marshall, too."

"Get out of my library," he said, getting up.

"Gladly," I said, "but don't forget you asked me in, in the first place. I didn't slam the door as I left."

Out at Daisy's home in the Valley, Mrs. Hathaway opened the door to me.

"For heaven's sake," she said. "What are you doing way out here?"

"I came to see Daisy," I grinned. "Do you mind?" I leaned down and kissed her tanned cheek and caught the shrewd glance her sharp eyes gave me.

"Daisy's working," she said. "But don't let that stop you."

"I won't," I said.

Daisy was banging away at her typewriter completely absorbed with her work and didn't hear me come up behind her.

"Don't tell me," I began, "that Alex has you working at home—"

Then I noticed the chapter heading in the typewriter. It said "The Hollywood Neuroses." I burst out laughing.

Daisy whirled. Quickly she pulled the sheet out of the machine and put it away in a drawer with a pile of other typewritten papers.

"I don't like people reading over my shoulder," she said, but she was grinning.

"What the devil is the Hollywood neurosis thing you're fooling with?"

"I'm not fooling," she said, still smiling. "When it's published in September you can read it. If you have three dollars. What brought you to the Valley?"

I whistled.

"The secret life of Daisy Hathaway," I said. "Sounds like an expose of the movie industry. Does Alex know that you do this?"

"No. Will you please answer my question, Josh?" She was getting impatient.

"What question? Oh . . . I came to take you for a drive."

"I ought to keep working," she said doubtfully.

"I have a lot of news to tell you, Daisy," I coaxed. "You started me on this life of crime. Come on for a drive with me and I'll give you a complete report."

"Oh, all right," she laughed.

Please turn to page 19

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 6, 1947

MAKE YOURSELF A CUP OF GOOD TEA

BUSHHELLS, THE TEA OF FLAVOR.



# Dress Sense...

by Betty Keep

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



A BALLERINA-LENGTH dress is pretty and modern for bridesmaids.

MANY brides write to me for advice on their attendants' frocks, and particularly wish to know what is the correct length for them when the bridal gown itself is formal.

The letter I have selected to answer is a representative one, and the advice I give the writer should be a good guide for many other brides.

Here is the letter:

## Bridesmaids' frocks

WOULD you please help me with my bridesmaids' dresses? The material is pink organza, and I am wearing a formal bridal gown. Would the bridesmaids also have to wear floor-length dresses? I love the new ballerina length, but wondered if it would be correct. I would also like a suggestion for the bridesmaids' headdress, something unusual, and right away from the usual flower arrangement.

When the bride wears a formal wedding-gown it is customary for her bridesmaids to wear formal dresses also. Actually a ballerina-length dress would be modern and pretty. This season the décolletage and material, rather than the hemline, are the measure of formality. For a design, I suggest all-round

fullness in the skirt, and a just off-the-shoulder neckline.

Why not have your bridesmaids wear little hats? A halo-shaped bonnet finished with streamers of the same material as the dress would be effective and unusual.

## A question of size

AS I do not like myself in a large hat, I wondered if I could wear, and still look fashionably dressed, a small shape? The hat is to match a summer suit. Please give me your advice.

Certainly you can wear a small hat. A little neat hat silhouetting the shape of your head has just as much fashion news as a big hat. There are lots of bonnet shapes, cloches, turbans, and sailors. All these hats are worn to reveal the brow and hug the head.

Trimmings have never been prettier or more flattering. Flowers, feathers, ribbons, fruit are all used. A small cloche shape with motor-scarf streamers in chiffon to tie under the chin or back of a chignon (according to how you wear your hair) would be a perfect hat for a summer suit.

## Hiding flat chest

AS the swimming season is now open I am writing to you for advice about my costume. I am 17, and though my figure is quite good I am inclined to be rather flat-chested. Would a one-piece or a two-piece costume be best to hide this figure fault? Also what styles for both day and evening would you advise me to wear? Please illustrate a one-piece dress I can wear on a beach holiday.

Just as long as your swimsuit has a flattering bustline it will not matter if it is a one-piece or a two-piece. A flat-chested figure needs fullness over the bosom. For a swimsuit, or any type of play clothes, the best way to achieve this fullness is with a shaped bodice top outlined with a frill or frills above a really well-fitted midriff section.

You will quickly discover the flatness of this line and its endless possibilities. During the day you will be wise to avoid a tight-fitting bodice top. Shirred bodices, vestees, ruffles, jabots are all good camouflage to help disguise your figure fault.

At night the same shaped line I mentioned for swim and resort clothes can be utilised. The frills could, if you prefer it, be replaced with a bertha collar or folds.

## Sub-tropical clothes

IN the new year I will be living in Brisbane as a student, and would appreciate your help in planning a suitable wardrobe. I had thought of summer prints to wear every day and a black frock, floor-length, for social engagements. Please give me your advice.

As the summer in Brisbane is extremely hot, I advise you to include as many washable clothes as possible in your wardrobe. You will need casual designs for study hours, and one daytime dress a little dressier for special dates.

You will also need a floor-length dress for dancing, or for any other occasion that demands a formal dress. You suggest black, but please no! It's far too hot-looking for tropical weather. A light, airy cotton in a pastel color is the perfect formula for a summer night.

If you play tennis you will need



A FLAT-CHESTED figure needs fullness over the bosom.

shorts and a shirt, or a one-piece dress out for action. If you swim, a swimsuit and the usual beach requirements. Select underwear that is easily laundered.

Choose sandal-type shoes with open toes and heels, or for that matter any design that suits your foot and is cool and comfortable. Lastly, don't have a complicated hair-do. You will be much cooler and happier with a simple style you can handle yourself.

## Lower hemline

DO you think the longer skirt has come to stay? I have two perfectly good suits in my wardrobe, but now find both the skirts look far too short. I don't want to do anything drastic if the new line is only a passing fashion whim. If you think it is necessary perhaps you could give me a suggestion to bring the suits in line with the new trend.

The longer skirt is the most important fashion change for years, and has come to stay.

There is, however, no need to carry the line to extremes. Fourteen inches from the ground is a good average length for day clothes. Here are two simple suggestions to bring your two suits in line with the trend.

Have a hip yoke of the same material made for your skirt, or make a hip yoke in contrast, and wear an overblouse to cover it. Before starting the alteration check skirt measurement at waist to make sure that it is wide enough to lower to hip level. Or wear the jacket over a new contrasting skirt. A striped skirt with a plain jacket is new and smart.

## Tasmanian holiday

A GIRL-FRIEND and I are planning a holiday in Tasmania about the middle of December. We have very little idea of what clothes we will need, and whether it will be necessary to take a coat. We would be most grateful if you could give us your advice.

I certainly advise you to take along a very warm coat. December in Tasmania can be hot, but it also can be quite cold, especially after the sun goes down. The amount of clothes you will need, of course, depends on the length of your stay in Tasmania.

Most important thing is a basic suit made in a crease-resisting material, plus change of accessories to dress it up or down for multiple occasions. A printed silk afternoon dress will be necessary for any afternoon party or later.

I would also advise at least one plain tailored shirt frock, and a



BETTY KEEP, sketched by Broadhurst, in one of her unusual hats. It is made of off-white fabric and has black spotted veiling and ties ending in pom-poms.

tweed suit, or equivalent to a tweed suit, to wear if the weather does turn cold. In the evening you could wear your printed silk afternoon dress, or for more formal occasions take along a floor-length evening skirt and evening blouse.

Be sure to take comfortable walking shoes, and a not so fancy hat.

Lastly, don't overload your suitcases with underwear. Two sets or at the most three of the type that you can launder easily yourselves will be adequate.

## Difficult figure

MAY I ask your advice about styles for the stout figure? I am only 4ft. 11in., and weigh 10st. 9lb. Bust 42in. Every magazine I pick up has dozens of designs for the tall, streamlined figure, but nothing for the short, stout woman. I really find the new trends very depressing. What do you advise?

I am afraid you will have to forgo any of the new trends that are too extreme. However, don't despair. There's a new individuality in present-day dressing, which means the woman with a not average figure can dress to suit her figure and still be well dressed, and in the fashion picture.

Learn to select lines that emphasise your good points, and minimise your bad ones.

Button-down-the-front dresses give a long slim line, so does the princess line, or any of its variations.

Fullness in the bodice just below the bust is flattering, but avoid accentuating the waist with a wide or contrasting belt. You will find a moderately low V the most becoming neckline, but don't overload it with fussy finishing details. Avoid extremes in sleeves, too tight or too loose. Instead, choose natural soft effects. Softness in line and detail is the best style-line for you.

## BABY BANTERS

## Drippy Diplomacy

## By Constance Bannister



Tears get results if you know your audience.

Just puckerin' brings action from Daddy.

With Mummy it often takes real crying.

But Nurse won't ever give in.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 6, 1947

Page 13

Get your copy of the world's best-selling thrillers. — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE — 1/- every month.



# Dead as a doornail



The new Shelltox with DDT makes sure that flies really die. It makes doubly sure. It contains everything the best pre-war spray contained. Over and above that, it contains DDT!

What a combination! Shelltox drops flies on the wing and they die. Moths, mosquitos, silverfish, die just as quickly, just as surely.

Try it. Your grocer has the new, wonderful Shelltox. Put Shelltox on your next order and see how easily it will give you complete control of all insect pests.



# Shelltox

## D-D-T

Deals Death To

# Flies



THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED (Incorporated in Great Britain)



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune is ahead for most Leonians, Arians, and Sagittarians, and wise plans and diligence will bring results. There are also financial gains around, but extravagance should be avoided. Geminians, Pisceans, and Virgians must dodge changes, discord, usage, and unpopularity.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for this week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be confident and seek changes, gains, and favors. Dec. 3 is excellent, so is it wisely. Dec. 2 (noon-9 p.m.) and 3 (7 a.m.-2 p.m. or after 9 p.m.) very good.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Dec. 2, 3, 4 (to 10 p.m.), and 5 can be slightly difficult, so be discreet. Dec. 5 and 6 (after 1 p.m.) fair, but routine is best.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Beware of partings, extravagances, changes, and quarrels. Dec. 4, 5, and 6 very adverse. Follow routine all week.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): A



"Holding down the ladder we peered into each other's eyes and KNEW!"

week for ordinary affairs, with Dec. 1 fair, but Dec. 4, 5 (early), 6 (late), 7, and 8 poor.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Don't waste Dec. 3, because it is excellent. Seek changes and gains on that date. Dec. 2 (between 1 p.m.-9 p.m.), 4, 7 (after 11 a.m.), and 8 (between 9 a.m.-4 p.m.) very good.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Beasts follow quarrels and upsets now, so be cautious. Dec. 4 is adverse, and 5 and 6 are very poor. Keep to routine tasks.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Dec. 2 (afternoon) and 8 (to 4 p.m.) very fair. Dec. 3 is very good, but Dec. 4 and 5 (to noon) are very poor.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A tricky week. Dec. 2 (to noon) and 9 (except between 2 p.m.-5 p.m.) helpful, but late Dec. 2, 5, and 8 poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Fortune smiles. Dec. 3 is excellent, so seek progress but avoid waste. Dec. 2 (between noon-4 p.m.), 4 (morning only), 7 (after 9 a.m.), and 8 are good.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Routine now advised. Dec. 2, 4 (except for-noon), 5, 6, 7, and 8 poor. Not a good week.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Can- not pay dividends this week. Dec. 2, 3, and 4 all very poor, and Dec. 5 and 8 rocky. Dec. 7 (after 10 p.m.) may be helpful.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Be dis- creet and patient now. Dodge delays, parties, upsets, and changes. Dec. 4 is adverse and Dec. 5 and 6 very poor, so stick to routine.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## Your Coupons

**TEA:** 1-4 (expire Dec. 28).  
**BUTTER:** 1-1 (expire Dec. 28).  
**MEAT:** Red, 1-4 (expire Dec. 28); blue, 1-3 (expire Dec. 28). These coupons usable for month. Ad- ditional coupons red 3-7 and blue 4-7 available Dec. 14.  
**CLOTHING:** 1947 and 1948 issues current.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with  
**COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored  
pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is  
**BETTY:** His daughter. They call at a tropical  
harbor. Natives come aboard, including  
**THE CHIEF:** He tells them he was once cap-

tured by a tribe of women warriors and taken  
to a place called Amoz Island. Before escaping  
he saw a flame pearl. Mandrake believes him  
and the yacht sails to Amoz Island. While  
on their way from the yacht to the island a  
giant swordfish attacks their launch, Lothar  
attacks it with a small knife.  
**NOW READ ON:**

WHEN MANDRAKE'S MOTORBOAT IS ALMOST  
SWAMPED BY REPEATED ATTACKS OF A  
GIGANTIC SWORDFISH, LOTHAR TAKES  
MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS...



HE CLINGS LIKE A BUZZ AS THE  
FINNY GIANT DIVES DEEP INTO THE  
CLEAR, GREEN DEPTHS--THE PRESSURE  
POUNDS AGAINST HIM--HE HANGS ON GRIMLY--



FRANTICALLY, IT VEERS TO THE  
SURFACE, LEAPING HIGH OUT OF THE  
WATER AS LOTHAR DRIVES HIS BLADE HOME--



LOTHAR, THAT  
WAS MARVELOUS!  
I NEVER SAW A  
MAN RIDE A  
FISH BEFORE!



LOTHAR'LL NEED  
REST AFTER THAT!  
WE'LL GO ON WITH-  
OUT HIM. I WONDER  
IF THIS IS AMOZ  
ISLAND, BARTON?

I SUPPOSE YOU EXPECT  
TO BE GREETED BY A  
BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL  
FEMALE WARRIORS  
-- WEARING FLAME  
PEARLS-- WHO WILL  
ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE  
US? RIDICULOUS  
NONSENSE!



WATCHING, UNSEEN, FROM THE ISLAND, IS A  
STRANGE GROUP. PERHAPS COLONEL BARTON'S  
JEST IS MORE PROPHETIC THAN HE REALIZES!

LOTHAR'S STRANGE JOURNEY HAS  
CARRIED HIM BACK NEAR THE YACHT.  
EXHAUSTED, BUT CLINGING TO HIS TROPHY,  
HE PULLS HIMSELF FROM THE WATER...

TO BE CONTINUED





**TOPPER WORN** by John Faviell with his morning clothes when he attends garden party at Government House with his wife. Mrs. Faviell favors new long hem-line with her silk print suit.



**GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.** Elizabeth Northcott on the steps of verandah at Government House with Mrs. E. R. Coburn, her sister's mother-in-law, at garden party held at Government House in honor of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and Duke of Edinburgh.



**ENGLISH VISITORS.** The Honorable Highley Bathurst and his attractive wife attended garden party at Government House. Mrs. Bathurst, noted for her smart dressing, wore a lovely gown of "pink pin" crepe. Couple are recent arrivals from England.



**TWO PRETTY GIRLS.** Jill Campbell and Gerry Pitt, who will sell posies in foyer of Theatre Royal this Tuesday at five o'clock performance of Heather Gell's "Tom and the Water Babies." Performance will benefit Kindergarten Union.

## Intimate Greetings

**SYDNEY** brought forth its best bib and tucker for the garden party held at Government House to celebrate the Royal wedding.

Four thousand guests filled the lovely grounds of Government House, and pretty frocks made bright splashes of color on the green lawns overlooking the harbor. A brisk nor-easter made wearers of wide-brimmed hats clutch them as they arrived at the party, but later in the afternoon the wind died down a little, and guests enjoyed sauntering in the sunshine and chatting with their friends.

Accent was certainly upon hats. The Governor, General Northcott, who strolled on the lawn meeting guests, wore a new high grey topper with his morning clothes. He told me his daughter, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Northcott's secretary, Sheila Collett, had been the butt of family jokes when the wind sprang up before the party, and they wondered whether their hats would stay on. General Northcott looked very comfy in his topper, though, and had it set at a rakish angle. Mrs. Northcott wore the same ensemble as she had worn to her daughter Marjorie's wedding with Major Donald Coburn. Donald's mother wore a slate-blue frock, and the same big black hat worn at the wedding.

The Northcotts plan a quiet family Christmas at Hillview, Sutton Forest. If daughter Marjorie and her husband, Donald Coburn, are still in Sydney, they will join them.

**FUTURE** home in Armidale for Hugh Perry and his bride, formerly Gloria Green, of Woolahra. Couple marry at All Saints', Woolahra, and reception is held at Chiswick Gardens.



**FEMININE FASHIONS** at garden party at Government House: Mrs. George Reynolds, Mrs. Hector McCowan, Mrs. Alec McLeod, Claudia Beazley, and Mrs. John Arnott.



**CHEERY GROUP.** Governor's wife, Mrs. John Northcott, enjoys joke with Mrs. T. J. Parker and Rosemary Parker at garden party at Government House. Rosemary hopes to sail this month for Hongkong, where her marriage with Geoffrey Fairbairn will take place.

**MY** Melbourne newshound tells me attractive Helen Lyall, who recently announced engagement to Iven Mackay, is not thinking about wedding plans till after the Christmas whirl. Helen busy packing for month's surfing holiday at Terrigal. She's going up to seaside house of Iven's parents, Sir Iven and Lady Mackay, who are in India, where Sir Iven is Australian High Commissioner.

Couple think they'll be married next year, and live in Melbourne.

Helen is daughter of the Barry Lyalls, of Cliveden Mansions, Melbourne. She finished her nursing training about two years ago, Iven, who presents her with sapphire and diamond ring, has flat in East Melbourne.

**LOVELY** white chiffon gown chosen by Sheila Graham for her marriage this Tuesday with Dr. John Simpson at St. Martin's, Ellara. Sheila, who is elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. V. Graham of Gordon, has her sister Ann for bridesmaid. John, who is youngest son of late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. C. Simpson, of Sydney, will be attended by Dr. John Loxton. Reception is to be held at home of bride's parents, and guests will include Governor's daughter, Mrs. Donald Coburn, and her husband. Sheila was bridesmaid a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Coburn was married.

**NEWS** from London from Roelyn Musgrove this week gives two exciting bits of news. She has just clinched a job with "Life" and "Time" magazine, and her old Ascham school friend Raine Lapage and her husband have won the £11,000 football pool. Before recent marriage, at which Roelyn was bridesmaid, Raine was Raine Yates, of Sydney. Great celebration is being held at party at Savoy Hotel to celebrate win, and lots of Australians now in London have been invited to attend.

**DATE** for your diary: December 5, gala premiere at Embassy Theatre of "Captain Boycott" to raise funds for Christmas Food For Britain Appeal. Director of film Frank Launder and British star Jean Simmons, who have come to Australia for J. Arthur Rank production of "Blue Lagoon," will be present at premiere.



**HAPPY BRIDE.** Mrs. John Bottomley leaves All Saints', Woolahra, with her husband, surrounded by attendants Alfred Saunders, Pam Susman (left), Andrew Clayton, Anne Reid, Lieut. Owen Roberts, R.A.N., and bride's sister Kathleen Clayton. Flower-girl Sue Crossley. Bride formerly Josephine Clayton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Clayton, of Edgecliff.



**CUTTING THE CAKE.** Mrs. George Moore cuts three-tier cake at party at Pickwick Club arranged by Sydney Day Nursery Committee in honor of Princess Elizabeth's wedding. Rear-Admiral Moore, Mrs. Sam Jones, Mrs. Jean Sawtell look on. £436 raised at party.

**"UTTERLY** informal dress, and toasting-forks optional," is wording of invitations issued by Minister for Eire, Dr. T. J. Kiernan, and Mrs. Kiernan when they invite friends to barbecue in adjacent paddock to their lovely home in Deakin, Canberra. First Canberra diplomats to depart from traditional formality of cocktail parties in hot and overcrowded rooms, the Kiernans think this is more typically Australian form of entertainment.

Three huge fireplaces and eight sheep (given by country friends from nearby station properties), tables in marquee laden with salads, savories, rolls, lots of beer, offered to 300 guests, including diplomats, parliamentarians, Canberra residents, who are thrilled at innovation.



# WORTH Reporting

WE gathered a few interesting facts about freak band leader Spike Jones and Hollywood golfers during a chat with American comedian George Lily the other day.

George, an easy-going, sporty-looking fellow at present in Australia for the Tivoli Circuit, knows golf and the golfers pretty well. He and Spike played on the same golf programme for two years, and George is also a member of the Lakeside Country Club at Teluca Lake where the film actors take their golf seriously.

He told us that Spike Jones is a dry, humorless little man from whom the wildest joke draws only a brief "Hm-mm" of laughter. "Spike doesn't have much to say, and I've never heard him laugh heartily, but his crazy music, which is started to amuse himself, is out-muscling every other name band in the States," George said.

He band recently earned over \$100 in one night in a town in Minnesota.

"Spike can't understand his success, but he's a shrewd little businessman, and employs ten of America's best musicians."

George's favorite golfing companions are Bob Hope, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, and Arthur Treacher.

Off the golf links he doesn't think Alan Mowbray can be beaten for amusing company, but Alan is completely uninterested in golf.

"Bob Hope plays golf in his sleep, and often gets some of us into trouble with our wives by keeping us practising on his electrically lit private driving range until all hours," he said.

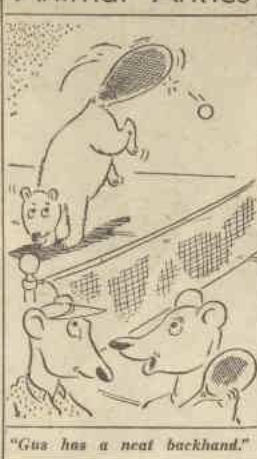
George said Arthur Treacher is "okay about golf, but isn't very good."

Treacher, he said, was in a sand trap one day when actor Jack Nicholson asked amiably, "Your ball in the trap, Arthur?"

"Well, you don't think I live here, do you?" replied Treacher heatedly.

George told us Bing Crosby was once champion of the Lakeside Club, but always played with the same men and "won't admit any intrusion."

## Animal Antics



"Gus has a neat backhand."

## Filthy lucre

WE'VE just heard of a laundress who washes in soda water. But the house-proud will be happy to know it's not suds and siks that go through her washbasin, but dirty coins and banknotes.

She is laundress to a London bank, and washes and irons thousands of pounds every day.

"Seeing a pile of clean and ironed notes is as much of a thrill to me as a great pile of freshly laundered linen is to the average housewife," she says.

In fact, she's the only person we know of who can say with a clear conscience that money trickles through her fingers.

MR. C. H. N. DAVENPORT, of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, will never have to sit on a jury. In the year 1330 King Edward III, visiting Stamford, had reason to reward one of Mr. Davenport's ancestors. The King's gratitude prompted him to exempt the Davenports for all time from serving as jurors.

## Little joys

WE were touched by a paragraph in the Women's Voluntary Services bulletin, which reaches us regularly by airmail from London.

Having told of the latest cuts in food, travel, and petrol, the writer, Mrs. G. H. Dunbar, says: "You may think, if you happen to be living under more congenial conditions, that it all sounds very depressing."

"Quite true, and we all know it. 'What we gain, and this much of Europe shares with us, is the disproportionate pleasure that comes from little things.'

"Before the war thousands of us had never known that it was a joy that the bath-water was hot, never known the lump-in-the-throat happiness which comes from being out in the bitter cold and coming in to find a fire, never known that electric light was a luxury to be cherished, never known that you could go dancing round a room because in a parcel you had received not only a tin of butter, a meat loaf, but some soap."

## Quins' schoolmates

THE Dionne Quins, now 13 years old, have nine schoolmates at the school they attend at the Dionne estate, Callender, Ontario.

Recently the Dionne parents decided their daughters should have other girls of their own age as companions.

The Sister Superior of the Sisters of Assumption, who is in charge of the Quins' education, says the girls have made close friends among their new schoolmates.

"For the first time in their carefully secluded lives they have become conscious of other girls," she said.

The 14 schoolgirls have formed themselves into a secret society which they call "The Bees." Annette Dionne is the president, Cecile Dionne the treasurer, and Yvonne Morrison the secretary.

After Christmas they will have two new members. American girls from New England, who are coming to attend school with the Quins. They will be chosen by the Sisters of Assumption in New England.

IN Britain these days even the very young are familiar with the terms "utility furniture," "utility clothes," "utility cups." A London correspondent reports that the other day a small boy asked his mother the sad question: "Mumme, because I was born in the war, am I a utility boy?"

## Reindeer transfer

A NEWS report that 20 reindeer are being transferred from Norway to Patagonia, Southern Argentina, as an experiment made us ask why.

Our curiosity was satisfied by animal-lover and authority Edward Hallstrom.

He told us that if the reindeer thrived and bred in Patagonia it would, in time, greatly increase the meat supply for the native races.

"Reindeer live through frozen weather, but cattle die," he said.

"Some parts of the Argentine have very cold conditions. If put in these cold areas in sufficient numbers and allowed to breed, the reindeer would be a good food source."

Mr. Hallstrom recalled a mass transfer of reindeer from Northern Europe to Canada nearly 12 years ago.

"It was known as the 'great trek,'" he said. "Some very tough men drove 5000 reindeer across the frozen north into Canada."

He also recalled the successful transfer of wapiti deer, red deer, and chamois from Canada and other countries to New Zealand many years ago.

"They also transferred the moose, but it was never heard of again," he said.

## Achieved ambition

MR. CLIVE C. CRANE, who retired last month from his position as chief of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture's Information and Extension Divisions, is a country boy who has realised his life's ideal.

The second of a family of four, he learnt the loneliness of the outback at Gulgamree, a little farming centre in the Mudgee district, where his mother lived months without seeing another woman.

He developed a great admiration for the people of the outback and a determination that he should one day help them to have the comfort and community life that was their due.

After graduating at Sydney University, he taught for a while, but, feeling that "there were things of far more practical importance than teaching the classics," he transferred to the Department of Agriculture in 1929.

Under his supervision the Extension Division of Department of Agriculture has organised a service to provide advice in all phases of farming life. Homestead meetings, with discussion groups, are arranged for women.

Farmers are encouraged to provide labor-saving devices in the home as well as on the farm, and their wives receive the latest information on health, food, and home amenities.

During the first World War Mr. Crane worked with Army Intelligence, and lived for some time in France disguised as a Frenchman. He had the task of evacuating the people of Arrmentieres; as he puts it—"Mademoiselles and all."

## Children's day

UNIQUE in Australian cities is the organised disorganisation of Adelaide traffic which results one Saturday morning every November when a leading store holds its fairytale procession for children.

For the recent procession, trams, trains, buses, and thousands of motor cars piled a quarter of a million people into the mile and a half route through the principal streets. Eventually traffic came to a standstill.

If you were inconvenienced, it was just too bad. It was the children's day.

For half an hour after the procession finished traffic lights and policemen's admonitions didn't mean a thing—something very unusual in order-loving Adelaide.

"It was worth it to see Father Christmas' smile," one woman with six young children said after she'd sorted herself and family out of the tangle of people and cars.

Largest single exhibit was a sixty-foot-long prostrate Gulliver, his boots sticking eight feet into the air.

Three little pigs complete with houses and hungry-looking wolf, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Mother Goose, Peter Pan and Wendy, Ferdinand the Bull, and Ali Baba were all there.

Nearly a thousand people took part, all members of the firm. All the exhibits were made by the store in seven weeks.

No complaints were registered by other businesses, for the pageant brought more customers to all stores than they could cope with.

Not a single casualty was reported by police or St. John Ambulance.

It isn't the baking that makes a pie-dish look old and shabby...



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on your pot-cleaner...



VIM's added cleansing power will quickly shift burnt-on food without scratching



## Books They'll Love!



**PERILOUS JOURNEY**  
A swashbuckling adventure story set in the days of Good Queen Bess. High pressure excitement. Price 7/6

**PIONEER SHACK**  
A new children's novel by Doris Birkie, celebrated author of the famous Australian novel, "The Overlanders." "Pioneer Shack" is a juvenile story that is rich in incident and humour—a graphic depiction of the younger members of a typical Australian family. Price 7/6

**TREACHERY AT 40 KNOTS**  
A thrilling tale of three young lads whose camping holiday turns into a spy hunt. Packed with thrills. Price 7/6

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
The SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS  
PTY. LTD.  
Central House, Little Regent St., Sydney.

UNSIGHTLY DANDRUFF GONE IN FEW DAYS!



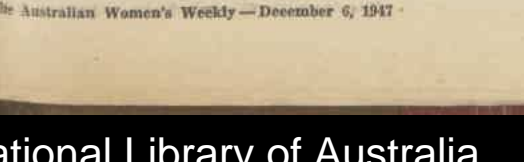
You've got to be well-groomed to land a really good job, and that scrubby stuff on my shoulders certainly didn't help any!



Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and it made matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for Rexona Ointment.



For a week I massaged Rexona into my scalp at bedtime. And each morning gave it a good wash with Rexona Medicated Soap.



Rexona Ointment—still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in handy jars.

1/6 (City and Suburban)

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

Q.79.27

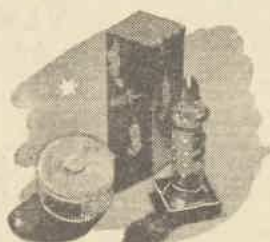


# Because She loves Beauty

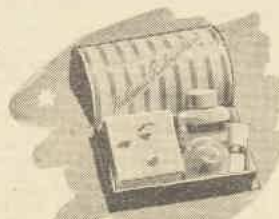
Make her heart stand on tiptoe at Christmas with a gift of loveliness. Helena Rubinstein is a past-master at the art of creating gifts that look as exciting as they are! This Christmas she offers irresistible tributes to your lady's loveliness and your good taste—gifts that are the last gasp in luxury.



CANDY-STRIPED BAG, brimming with loveliness that you can choose especially for her. Here, we've shown Herbal Skin Tonic from 4/5, Town and Country Lipstick 12/5, Town and Country Foundation from 6/6, Valere Face Powder 6/6, Pasteurised Face Cream from 3/5, Sachet Cologne 7/7, and Rouge 6/6.



TOWN AND COUNTRY FACE POWDER, in a shimmering crystal-clear lucite box. In flattering shades, 24/12. Refills, 12/5. WHITE FLAME PERFUME, heady, haunting fragrance. From 22/6.



CANDY-STRIPED GIFT BOX, gayest way to say "you're glamorous". Face Powder, 6/6; Town and Country Foundation, from 6/6; Rouge, 6/6; Town and Country Lipstick, 12/5.



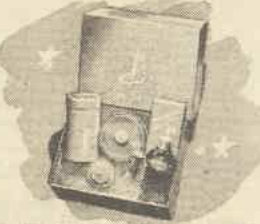
HORMONE TWIN YOUTHIFYING CREAMS, if she's not so young. They actually restore youth to a mature skin. One for day, one for night. From 62/2 a set.



APPLE BLOSSOM GIFT BOX, fresh as spring. Body Sachet, 7/7; Sachet Cologne, 7/7; Face Powder, 6/6; Rouge, 6/6; Lipstick, 7/11; Bath Essence, 12/5; Skin Perfume, from 7/7.



APPLE BLOSSOM... delicately-scented fragrance. Body Sachet, 7/7; Dusting Powder, 12/5; Sachet Cologne, 7/7; Complexion Soap, 4/3 a cake; Skin Perfume, from 7/7; and Bath Essence, 12/5.



HEAVENLY GLOW GIFT BOX, to tell her she's your angel. Body Sachet, 7/7; Rouge, 6/6; Town and Country Face Powder, 24/11; Town and Country Lipstick, 12/5; Skin Perfume, from 9/6.



WEEK-END CASE, in beautiful beige cowhide, with all beauty essentials including make-up, and extra room for week-end accessories. 209/.



BEAUTY CASE, with complete beauty case and make-up... her "traveling dressing-table". In red, navy, brown, black or burgundy Morocco-type leather. 124/6.



AIR TRAVEL KIT, softest glove leather, with skin-care essentials and make-up. Red, blue, brown, black, beige. 155/.



## Helena Rubinstein

Available from leading chemists and stores throughout Australia.

helena rubinstein salon.

Maria Vadas Pty. Ltd.

82 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Telephone M3160

LONDON

NEW YORK

PARIS



# The Brick Wall

Continued from page 12

DAISY went to get her coat. And Mrs. Hathaway, after a few preliminary remarks, got on to her favorite subject of the stock market. By the time she had already quoted enough figures to make my head whirl, I drove south, heading for Cold Water Canyon Drive. Daisy was sitting sideways, facing me. "Well, start talking," she said. "How did the test come out?" I told her all about the test and how Larry had helped me, and about the picture I was going to make. We were in Cold Water Canyon when I finally said what I had been trying to figure out all the way to Daisy's house. "To tell you the truth, Daisy," I said, stopping the car, "I find I'm not terribly happy about it." She shrugged. "You got what you wanted," she said. "That's what's supposed to make people happy. Or can't you make up your mind what you want?" "I didn't especially want to do a picture of Alex in my first picture," Daisy patted my arm. "I know," she said. "I know what you mean. But, Josh, it's not your fault you photograph like your father and have the same kind of nose." "Maybe not," I said. "But the whole thing is beginning to seem rather silly. I don't want to go on being Alex for the rest of my life and I don't like the idea of being Marshall's stooge for five, maybe ten years." "Look, Josh," Daisy said. "You're not Alex and you never will be. Maybe this is an odd start, but you're young and you'll develop if you're good at all. Marshall's probably no worse to work for than any other producer." "Yeah," I said. "But he has a deep grudge and he wouldn't hesitate to use me to make Alex look ridiculous. The whole thing isn't serious. It's just another Hollywood gag." "Don't let it be a gag," Daisy said. "Impatiently. 'Haven't you any strength of character? Can't you speak up for yourself?'"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for heaven's sake . . . you ought to know a lot about pictures. You've worked around the studio long enough; you've cut enough pictures."

"I didn't know about the test," I said gloomily. "I thought it was terrible, but George Blaine told me afterward that it was really a terrific scene."

"Oh, that's different," Daisy said. "You were too excited seeing yourself for the first time and worrying about Marshall's reaction. You'd hardly know what was going on at a time like that. I'll bet you felt the same way when you drove a car for your operator's test."

I laughed and put my arm around Daisy.

"You're wonderful," I said. And I really meant it. Daisy didn't seem to mind my arm, and it felt good there and it was a good night, with the sky clear and the stars all out and a very big moon.

"The only people who are happy," Daisy said slowly, "are the people who know what they want to do and try doing it. Even if you never make it, at least you have the satisfaction of knowing you're going in the direction you picked out. Of course, a lot of it is determined by environment and education, but you don't have to take . . . mmm . . . mmmmmmm!"

I had my mouth open hers. She didn't seem upset when I let her go.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

I grinned. "Because I wanted to," I said. "Did you mind?" "It didn't kill me," she said. "I was rather pleased. There was something uncomplicated about Daisy. It was refreshing."

"What do you want, Daisy? I mean what do you want to do with your life?"

"I want to be a good writer. Women like to talk a lot," she said. "What about your job—at the studio?" I asked.

"Oh, I only took that to get the material for my book."

"You really believe in what you say, don't you? You're pretty ruthless about it?"

"Maybe it's because you want to be an actor," Daisy said. "Maybe that's why you make everything sound so dramatic. I'm not ruthless." She paused.

"If people are aimless and useless and full of ethics which they use as excuses for not doing anything—they're called charming. If you happen to have a kind of—a line to your life, people call you ruthless. It's silly. A lot of charming, aimless people are really deadly in the harm they cause with their negative philosophy." Again she paused.

"But never mind talking about that," she went on quickly. "What I'm talking about is just plain commonsense. Marshall and your father are ruthless even when they don't need to be. You have to be strong to fight them at all. You have to know exactly what you want and keep your eye on that, or they'll destroy you. There's nothing wrong with being strong, Josh. You don't have to hurt anybody."

"You're right, I guess," I said. It sounded all right to me. Sensible. "Anyway, I can try. I guess trying is what really matters. But Marshall's a pretty tough nut to crack. He holds all the aces along with my contract."

"You got out from under Alex's thumb, didn't you?" I laughed. "With your help," I said. "You think I can handle Marshall the same way?" "Why not?" Daisy said. "You've got brains, I hope. Use them."

I did. I kissed Daisy again. Daisy and I saw a lot of each other after that. I would have liked it to have been every night, but she had her work and she guarded her time jealously. She said she was my girl, and Mrs. Hathaway began

to get the idea after the next few calls I made at the house, but once she took me aside.

"I want to warn you about Daisy, Josh," she said, looking unhappy. "Daisy's nobody's girl but her own, and if you're serious about her I feel sorry for you, unless you measure up to what she wants."

There was that old business about knowing what you want. I must confess it was beginning to scare me; and Mrs. Hathaway was no help.

"Daisy's father was like Daisy," Mrs. Hathaway went on. "I don't know why I ever married a wild man like that who was out to change the world with only his bare hands and that angry mouth of his—except that I fell in love with him. I think he was a fool, but he was tough enough and strong enough, and he could talk a person deaf, dumb, and blind with the most wonderful language you ever heard."

She smiled a little wistfully. "I think he used to hypnotize me. Anyway, I suppose being in love with him and being afraid of him made me respect him. But that crazy heart of his gave out one day and I had to go to work and support myself and bring up Daisy. Well, I did the best I could for that girl. But she's strong-willed like her father, Josh. Nobody will ever own her. You'll never possess her, just as I never possessed her father."

"Nobody," I said. "needs to possess anybody, I mean—"

Mrs. Hathaway's exclamation stopped me. "Now you're beginning to talk just like Daisy," she said impatiently. "That's all very nice in theory but it's not so in practice. But you'll see. I love Daisy, but I pity the man who gets her for a wife."

"She knows what she wants," I said. "and she's trying to get it. That's more than most people do."

"I don't like the way she got you to break with Alex. Oh, he told me all about it," Mrs. Hathaway shook her head. "It isn't right that a son should—"

# Top Of The World

Continued from page 4

LAURA said. "But, darling, it's so trivial. What does it matter if you can ski or not?" "It matters to me. And if you can't keep decently quiet, why don't you go off and be wonderful all by your wonderful self?" "Go ahead then, break your neck. If it matters to you, I think you're behaving like a child." With that she pushed off back to the cottage. That night John apologised, displaying exemplary tenderness. Laura began to feel somewhat guilty and foolish. "I'm sorry, too," she said. "But you did look so determined." "Well, I am determined. I'll get there." She looked at him for a long moment, then she said slowly. "You take everything seriously, don't you?" "Yes, I suppose I do. Why?" "I was just thinking it's funny coming here to relax from being a success at one thing, you immediately try desperately to be a success at something else." "Well, what if I do? I've got to do something. I can't just sit around all day." "You do sit around most of the day," she told him. "In the snow." He was tired and in a good humor after their reconciliation, so the quiet she had to dodge was a pillow. From sheer perseverance John improved his skiing. He would never be good, but he did in a couple of weeks develop a kind of awkward capability which allowed him to perform all the right movements at the right time and get roughly the results he expected from them. But he remained stiff tense, without confidence. On the day of the first jumping contest Laura stood beside John at the base of the hill where they would watch the jumpers rocket off the platform and soar towards them to come coasting swiftly down the hard-packed slope. John was fascinated. "Those jumpers must be wonderful people," he said enviously. "It isn't hard," Laura said. "It

isn't half as hard as writing a clever play."

"Cleverness! Is that all that matters to you? I'm sick of cleverness and I've given up writing."

He turned away from her. That night they had their first serious quarrel, and for once John did not ask for forgiveness, or make a joke of the whole thing. They went to bed in silence, and in the morning Laura found that John had got up and gone out early.

She discovered him on the slope, wearing a new pair of jumping skis. "Where did you get those?" she asked.

"I borrowed them. I've been up since half-past five."

"They're too heavy. Those are jumping skis. You won't even be able to turn with them."

"I'll learn."

"Johnny! You'll kill yourself. You can't jump!"

"There's one sure way of finding out," he said, and pushed off to the beginners' slope.

By afternoon he had moved to the intermediate slope without a bite of lunch or a word to his wife, and was repeating his gyrations in intense silence. Laura indignantly returned to the hotel.

She had a solitary cup of tea and tried to concentrate on a magazine, but after glancing out at the ghostly, darkening landscape for the third time in one paragraph, she pulled on her windbreaker, jammed her feet into skis, and headed for the jumping platform.

The trail to the top of the jump led through trees, and she could see

the platform only when she was directly at the base of the stairs.

Her first glance was at the slope where she half expected to see John's body heaped in the snow. But the landing-slope was bare.

Then from the top of the slope she heard a long halloo. Then: "Laura! Watch this!" She saw the tall figure as a tiny silhouette against the red sunset. Oh, you fool, she thought.

"John, don't!" But the figure shot downwards. Laura rose and stumbled forward as though to stop the hurtling body in mid-air. When it landed she kept going and reached her husband as he stopped twisting in the snow.

His leg was bent back under him, and through the fabric of his trouser-leg blood dripped on to the snow. He was breathing painfully, but he said with almost conversational lightness, "I fell." Then as Laura bent over him, he fainted.

The first week in the hospital was the worst. After that, with a plaster cast over a good deal of him and the first shock of the accident and operation finished, John was in shape to talk a little.

"Why did you do it?" Laura asked him.

"Don't you know?" He smiled faintly.

"The doctor said it was lack of equilibrium, the fear of being a failure and the need to do things perfectly. But he was wrong when he said a trip to the mountains would cure you."

"I'm cured, Laura. It's you I'm worried about."

"What do you mean by that?" "Well, I've always, I think, done everything because of you. Good or bad, I felt I had to prove myself to you. You made me a success because I felt I couldn't be with you on any other terms."

"You didn't think I'd divorce you for not being able to ski, did you?" Her laugh was troubled.

"Well, it did come almost to that. I guess. And it was the same with writing. That was our real trouble. You wanted success about as much I think, as you wanted me. And heaven help me, I tried to give you both."

Suddenly it became clear to Laura. She had always spurred him on, satisfied her own ambition by forcing him to success never really admiring him for himself or for his work in itself, but simply for the pressure on to deliver the goods.

"I've been a bit of a strain on you, Johnny, haven't I?" she said.

"Well, anyhow," he said glumly, "you understand now."

She smiled at him, and said steadily: "You make the decisions for both the Rands from now on—that is, if you're still willing to let me tag along."

"All right," John said. "I make the decisions, Mrs. Rand, and I think, if you'll tag along, I'll write a novel; a nice, leisurely novel."

"What kind of novel?"

"A best-seller, of course."

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM



INTERRUPTING her, I said. "Listen, I just didn't want the kind of the life Alex had planned for me. Maybe it'll turn out to be a mistake, but being a puppet while somebody else pulls the strings isn't a healthy life for anybody."

"You're too young to know what you really want," Mrs. Hathaway said. "Some day you'll be sorry, Josh. You're breaking Alex's heart."

I laughed. "That stone is carried around in his chest?"

"You and Daisy are the ones with stony hearts." Her voice was angry. "All right, marry Daisy. It will serve you right."

"I didn't say I was going to marry her," I said.

She stared at me. When she spoke her voice was scornful.

"You will if she wants you to," she said . . .

It was about four weeks after my screen test that we began shooting the picture. The first day I kept my mouth shut and did what I was told. But something didn't seem right about the way things were going. The director was Pestkauer, an Austrian whose English wasn't too clear, but who had a terrific reputation for sophisticated comedy.

Harry Kingman, who had been only a short-subject writer, had refused to sell the script of "The Midas Touch" unless he was allowed to do the shooting script himself. He had a logical self-interest in making this, his first long effort, a fine motion picture. It was his big chance.

He had done a fine, literate job. The script was packed with conflict and emotional tension from the opening to the final fade-out.

At the lunch break on the second day's shooting, Kingman grabbed me coming off the set. He was pretty excited. He told me the projectionist was a pal of his and had promised to run off our first day's rushes as soon as they came in from the lab, if we wanted to see them before the regular screening for the studio executives.

We almost ran on our way over to the projection room, and my knees were so weak I was afraid I'd stumble before we got there and fall flat on my face. My stomach didn't want to come along at all.

I had an ominous feeling when the lights doused out and the first take on the schedule board flashed upon the screen. I held on to the arms of the seat with sweaty hands. Ten minutes later the lights came on again, and Kingman and I looked at each other with dismay.

"The Midas Touch" as the Austrian saw it, was going to be a farce comedy.

Pestkauer was a genius. There was no doubt about that. How he had subtly managed to put his trade mark of sophisticated farce on the film was something no other director had even been able to imitate. Perhaps it was something even Pestkauer couldn't do anything about. But this time it didn't belong there. I felt a little sick.

Kingman's face was white when we got outside. His hand trembled trying to light a cigarette. He took one quick drag and threw the cigarette away.

"What are we going to do?" he asked unhappily.

"We're going to see Marshall," I said, trying to control the fury in my voice. "Right now!" I grabbed his arm and pulled him along toward Marshall's office.

"We're just punks," Kingman said bitterly. "Pestkauer's an important guy. Marshall will back him all the way."

I knew that I'd get no help from Kingman. He had an inferiority complex from doing too many two-reelers, and had too much phony respect for big shots and studio authority. He'd been kicked around for so many years he was used to genuflecting with bated breath every time Marshall's name was mentioned.

I couldn't afford the humility. "The Midas Touch" had to be good or I'd be less than a punk. I'd be a washout, without a job.

To be continued





INTERIOR of typical two-children-family house unit provided for dependents of Australian servicemen in Japan. Here Mrs. G. Larkin and her two children, Robin, 3, and Donald, 2, have tea in the living-room.



STUDYING. Mrs. Cole, of Sydney, with Denise and Terry, in the garden of their Japanese-style home at Okayama. Denise and Terry are taking lessons in a correspondence course until the school opens.



MRS. J. ADDISON, of Sydney, sitting on a bench with her children at Niji Mura occupied by Mrs. A. C. and daughters (from left).

## AUSTRALIAN FAMILIES ARE ENJOYING LIFE IN

They live in pleasant houses with every amenity and maids to do the work

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, who is now visiting Japan

"On top of the world" . . . "Wouldn't change places with anybody" . . . "Just too good to be true" . . . "I still can't believe it."

These are typical answers given by Australian wives of B.C.O.F. personnel to the question: "How do you like living in Japan?"

IT is a delightful experience to visit these communities of happy women and beaming youngsters.

Most of the wives had been separated from their husbands by the war years for long periods. Many of them are having their first experience of normal family life.

Married during the war, they have gone through all the frustrations and discomforts of the grim housing situation

in Australia. Here they are allotted houses, charmingly furnished and excellently equipped.

I have visited all the family areas, and wherever I went the story was substantially the same.

At Eta Jima, Kure, Hiro, Iwakuni, Okayama, Bofu, and on holidays at leave centres, all the families I met were warm in their praises of the provision made for their comfort and the constant attention of the various officers in charge of home areas.

Each family has a staff of servants, so wives are relieved of housework problems, but time does not hang heavily on their hands.

"The days are not long enough for all I want to do. They just slip by," they say.

All areas have the same advantages—homes, schools, medical-aid centres, dental and hospital care, picture shows, household and gift shops, clubs, tennis and other auxiliary services, Army education, canteens, bus transport, "Y" hostels.

Red Shield clubs, and Red Cross benefits.

Houses are designed on the same American plan, with minor modifications by Australian engineers to exteriors, such as porches, which give a nice variety to a group of houses.

There are one, two, and four family-size units. The size of the house allotted depends entirely on the size of the family occupying it.

The only concession made to rank is in the case of a high-ranking officer whose official duties involve a lot of entertaining, including the temporary accommodation of important official visitors.

Work is still in progress in most areas, and each still presents a busy scene of house building, but all work will be finished by the end of December.

### Thriving gardens

SURPRISINGLY large palm and pine trees have been planted in most areas. Some residents have acquired pots of the picturesque Japanese dwarf trees.

Some have thriving gardens, where marigolds and chrysanthemums blooming round the porch add their quiet beauty to the homely scene.

Largest of the family settlements is in the 34 Brigade area at Hiro. It provides for 700 families, including 200 children.

This million-pound project would be an admirable model for any Australian country or suburban area.

Because the houses are all pretty tinted in various pastel shades, the settlement was named Niji Mura by Mrs. Hopkins, wife of the brigade commander. Niji Mura is Japanese for "Rainbow Village."

The inland sea borders it on one side, and a river gives water frontage



AT ETA JIMA. "The phone's on!" Robin Woodhouse rings up Daddy to tell him the good news, while Mrs. M. Woodhouse and her other daughter, Glenise, look on. All families have phones.



MRS. N. COWIE, Melbourne, and daughter Susan photographed at Okayama on Susan's first birthday. The amah Nancy is one of the many Japanese girls who like to select a western-style name for themselves.



HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION at Niji Mura. Japanese carpenter fascinates (from left) Osborne Truman, Perth; Terry O'Brien, Newcastle, N.S.W.; Bernard O'Brien, Michael Tisdale, Melbourne; and Ben Davey, Melbourne.

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 6, 1947





Verandah of single unit house (left), of Epping, N.S.W., and Dell.

# IN JAPAN

...and side and half of a third ...  
...with concrete base ...  
...surface, with well- ...  
...a fine school, com- ...  
...picture theatre, church, ...  
...transport, swimming-pool, ...  
...all the amenities ...  
...centre should have— ...  
...Mura look like a fine ...  
...country town.  
...and facilities on a less ...  
...are the same as those ...  
...other family area in Japan, ...  
...a small minority who, ...  
...of special circumstances, ...  
...individual Japanese-style ...  
...engineer of BCOP is ...  
...Architect of all the ...  
...Major Jarvie.  
...has its own supervising ...  
...area officer. Housing ...  
...at Niji Mura is Lieut. ...  
...and area officer is Capt. ...  
...  
...of the undenominational ...  
...Major Mappin. Another ...  
...is due shortly.  
...of construction of the ...  
...Japanese. Some are all ...  
...wood, but the greater num- ...  
...on concrete foundations, ...  
...laths, studs, and up- ...  
...with shalcraft, which ...  
...is plastered.  
...a home is built in six to ...  
...is durable and cool.  
...house has many large mos- ...  
...windows, central heat- ...  
...a full range of electric ...  
...appliances—even to waffle ...  
...housewife wants to add ...  
...to the menu. For those ...  
...not yet had refrigerators ...  
...ice is delivered daily— ...  
...house. Every lounge and ...  
...dining room has five power-points, ...  
...the ice comes a copy of ...  
...the popular daily newspaper ...  
...by a group of Australian ...  
...Zealand pressmen at ...  
...and delivered daily to all ...  
...families and Service per- ...  
...  
...the houses are built to ...  
...plan, and the basic fur- ...  
...and pretty china are stan- ...  
...every home has its own ...  
...rally. Color schemes and ...  
...arrangements differ with ...  
...of the occupant.  
...have brought with them ...  
...personal pieces, or have ...  
...locally something that ...  
...individual note—a couple ...  
...straw hats from a nearby ...  
...shop, a lacquer flower-bowl, ...  
...of bunny glass animals.  
...arrange their possessions, ...  
...one tea party where I was ...  
...a lot of mutual con- ...  
...went on when Mrs. A. ...  
...with triumph: "I've ...  
...be sofa!"  
...was that she didn't ...  
...color combination in her ...  
...quite, so set about getting it ...  
...her heart's desire.  
...much searching, she'd found ...  
...with two chairs of just the ...  
...shade she coveted, and ...  
...happy to exchange them ...  
...A's soft, dull-green pair ...  
...were not perfectly happy ...  
...their lounges until they found ...  
...wondered Mrs. C., whose ...  
...and tastes—solved all the ...  
...involved.

Another exciting experience is "getting a garden." At another party I heard one woman announce happily, "My garden's coming tomorrow."

The explanation was that the Japanese landscape a garden, with tall, thriving trees, overnight.

And, of course, there are the children to give variety. A home with a baby is not the same as a home with no children, or with four children. Small girls, small boys, all alter the character and atmosphere of a home.

It's difficult, mothers say, to prevent the children from getting spoiled, especially the boys. Japanese servants have been so accustomed to paying deference to these lords of creation that it's just as well fathers are around to counteract their indulgence.

Sensible parents are keeping the training of their children in their own hands.

## Child linguists

IT'S surprising how quickly the youngsters are picking up Japanese and amusing to note how often mothers use them as interpreters.

"Please explain to Petal Blossom, dear, how mother wants this done!" is quite a usual request for mother to make of her five-year-old son or daughter.

One mother told me the amusing result of her "picking-up" a little Japanese from the housegirls via her little son was that, just as she was getting proud of her skill, a more knowledgeable friend informed her that the girls have a special language for small children, so, when ordering a boiled egg in Japanese, her request was made in the Japanese equivalent of "cook an itty-bitty goo-goo for Mummy!"

In the Okayama area, recently taken over from BRINDIV (British



MRS. I. B. SHEEHAN, Wyong, N.S.W., teaching her Japanese girl Mary to knit. Mrs. Sheehan is sitting on the tatami-covered platform which is the most honored place in the Japanese room and is reserved as a sleeping-place for distinguished guests. Typical are the wall hanging, the vase of flowers, and the latticed sliding-door.

Pictures by Army Public Relations photographer Sgt. ERNIE MANN.

India Division), there are fifty British families living in Japanese-style houses. At present only eight of these are Australian families, but more are due shortly.

Okayama houses are just outside the town. Some have rice fields coming right up to the back fence. Others are on hilltops with pleasant views. In all of them European furnishings have been added to the sparse Japanese pieces.

These picturesque houses with their sliding paper panels are great favorites with their occupants.

Some have kept the original thick floor matting (tatami), and adhere to the Japanese custom of removing outdoor shoes and wearing slippers indoors. Others have had the matting covered with carpets.

It's all a novel and fascinating experience for Australian women. It is a responsibility also.

On arrival, when they are warmly welcomed, their attention is called to this responsibility, and they are earnestly requested to bear in mind that their conduct and example should adhere to the best standards of Australian home life.

They are an integral part of the occupation forces. To the married men they mean home. To the unmarried they are bringing family friendships and much-prized opportunities of a normal social life.

New to Australia, this venture of establishing a family organisation in an occupied country has got off to a good start.

Families who are now enthusiastic about it express determination to make their comparatively short stay of permanent value to them. They feel they are not only getting a valuable close-up of an entirely foreign way of life.

They are each part of a community experiment, and they are making new Australia-wide friendships which should permanently enrich their lives.



AT NIJI MURA. W/O. F. Irvine and Mrs. Irvine, of Redcliffe, Qld., and their son Graham on the verandah of their typical two-unit home.



**H**ATCH made no effort to conceal his disappointment. He said, "I thought you were a lot of woman."

Kay Kress gripped the bar edge. "Don't be snug!" she said, her voice throaty with quiet rage. "I fought to get on top. I fought to stay on top. When somebody greases the skids for me, I fight."

A ripple of brightness passed across the grey of Hatch's eyes.

"Sure! Sure!" he said jerkily. "For what? To have a car a block long an' sixty-six pairs of shoes? What does it get you?"

She made a fist with her right hand and pounded the bar for emphasis.

"You're off the beam, Indian," she said. "You don't forget the nights you couldn't sleep because you hadn't had a square meal in a month of Sundays. You don't forget missing graduation because your old man stole the money you sweated and slaved to save for a white dress, so he could get drunk and get thrown in gaol again. You don't forget all those beastly little dumps where you danced for coffee and cakes. No, Indian, those things you don't forget."

She spun on her heel, walked to the door, and went out.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Demlock came down. She wore a frilly black gown, the bodice of which was cut in a deep U. Her skin was very white and fine-grained. She left the inn without a glance at the bar.

Pablo came down and went to the door.

Hatch said, "Pablo!"

The chauffeur turned around, his face dark and sullen.

"We got an open season on poachers," Hatch said.

Pablo bared his teeth. Then he went out, slamming the door.

## The Little French Lady's Scalp

Continued from page 5

When the door opened next, Kay Kress came into the room, followed by John Trent. The professor's eyes glittered with triumph.

"I've made an archaeological discovery!" he exclaimed, laying an object on the bar.

Kay Kress studied it. "A bird's claw," she said, puzzled by his triumph.

"See the hole in the base of it?" Trent asked.

Kay Kress lowered her head and peered closely. "Why, yes."

"A primitive needle!" Trent cried. "Early explorers found the natives using such crude instruments. So it must have been made before the traders brought metal needles. These instruments were priceless. Often the chief of the village or tribe had to deliberate for days to determine ownership."

"It would make a large hole in the cloth," she said.

"They used the needles to sew the animal skins they used to cover their tents and teepees," Trent explained.

He wrapped the claw in a clean handkerchief and put it into his pants pocket. Then he took Kay Kress by the elbow, steered her over to the bench facing the fireplace, and began to talk at length about Indian social organisation. Jealous eyes charged through Hatch's consciousness.

General Monckton waddled in from the kitchen so gorged with food that he could hardly wag his tail. He sprawled out on the hearth with a pleasurable grunt. The door opened and Mrs. Demlock came in, trailed by the light-stepping Pablo.

The chauffeur's lips were frozen in a smug smile. There was a smudge of lipstick at the right corner of his mouth. Pablo went upstairs.

Mrs. Demlock went over to the fireplace. Trent stood up, and there were introductions all round. The blonde sat down. The professor began to talk about Indian religious beliefs.

Hatch asked, "Anybody see Mr. Demlock?"

He got three head shakes for reply. The blonde's face was expressionless. Kay Kress frowned, probably remembering that she was not attending to the business that had brought her there. Trent was just plain annoyed.

Jesse came in with six squat candle holders of beaten silver. He aligned them down the centre of the table with great exactitude. Fat, six-inch candles went into the holders. The Negro boy began to shuttle between kitchen and table with plates and silverware.

**M**RS. DEMLOCK and Trent took the hint, and went upstairs. Kay Kress came over to the bar.

Hatch said, "I like women who're satisfied with the hair God gave them, an' don't beat out their brains getting waves an' permanents to make it look like the way God didn't make it."

Her eyes were grave. "Please don't!" she said. "I never want you to get under my skin. You're different. I don't want you haunting my dreams in the dark of night."

The green of her eyes milled. "That's just what I want," said Hatch, his voice low and intense.

She closed her eyes and moistened her lips. She opened her eyes. They were focused on the ceiling. She spoke mechanically, like a child re-

citing a poem. "I saw the chauffeur kissing Mrs. Demlock in the orchard," she said. "I thought you should know."

It was her exit line. She ran up the stairs and he heard her door bang closed.

Hatch frowned. He went to the door and opened it. General Monckton joined him there, tail wagging interest. The two of them stepped out into the warm dusk. A mild breeze stirred the trees and ruffled the grass.

Hatch struck off down the trail that led to the site of the Indian village. A hundred yards from the inn he came upon the log, with cigarette butts strewn around the bottom of it. He stooped. The butt-ends were red-tipped, the shade of "Kay Kress" mouth. He went on.

About 300 yards from the log, he spotted broken shrubs and flattened grass where someone had left the trail and turned south. He forced his way through the brush for ten feet and came to a deer run. The hound crowded his heels and bayed softly at the deer spoor.

"Shut up!" Hatch commanded.

A foot had scuffed moist earth to his right. He turned that way and went noiselessly down the run.

J. Wentworth Demlock lay in a semi-circular clearing obscured by shadows. General Monckton reached the body first, sniffed gustily, then pointed his snout skyward and gave out with a dismal howl.

Hatch crouched by the body and snapped his lighter. The ebony haft of the knife glittered blackly in the wavering light. The blade had struck right through the heart with considerable force.

Hatch started back toward the inn. The sudden flare of a match in the trail ahead jerked him to a stop. Even at that considerable distance he could see the red glint of her hair. He approached warily. She was alone, sitting on the log smoking.

"Did you follow me?" he asked. He saw her figure stiffen, then relax. "Yes. You were worried about Mr. Demlock."

He squatted down on his heels and traced a meaningless pattern in the turf. He said, "He's been murdered," and saw the glowing end of the cigarette waver.

"Did you murder him?" he asked. "No." She wasn't hysterical with vehement denials. She just said "No" in a calm, quiet voice.

There was an interval of darkness; then ghostly moonbeams filtered through the trees and dappled the trail. Hatch remained squatting on his heels.

"You look like an Indian now," said Kay Kress.

"An atavistic throwback to my Injun ancestor," he replied.

"How was he killed?"

"Knife," he said. "Knife with an ebony hilt. I gotta send for the law. You tell Jesse to saddle the mare an' go fetch the law. Lots of people will be swarmin' over this place. I guess maybe this'll be the last time you an' me are alone."

"Maybe," she conceded, her voice guarded.

"That means I got to tell you that I love you," he said. "Like General Monckton bayin' at the moon, I reckon. But that's the way it adds up."

She said, "Thank you," her voice a whisper. "Thank you very much."

Tell the old ducky to go ahead with dinner. Tell Jesse to tell the police it's murder. Don't let the others know."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Back with the body. I'll build a fire so they can find me."

"It's dangerous," she said. "Are you armed?" The killer might come back."

"I got General Monckton's ears," he said. "Look! The law'll want to know about this afternoon."

**K**AY said, "I left the inn. My car was gone. I went around to the kitchen. Jesse had put my car in the barn. I went out and got cigarettes. I saw the couple in the orchard. Then I came here and smoked until Trent came by and introduced himself. We went to the inn together."

"Simple enough," he said. "You tell it all."

"Don't forget that I benefit by his death," she said. She walked away toward the inn with her hair streaming back over her shoulders.

He found the body just as he'd left it. He kindled a few slivers of wood and used the light to gather larger pieces of fuel. Soon a foot-high flame licked skyward.

General Monckton stretched out with his nose between his paws and looked at the corpse with sad eyes. Hatch, squatting on his heels, plucked blades of grass from the turf. A few minutes later he heard the mare's hoof strike a rock somewhere in the valley.

About half an hour later General Monckton growled a low warning. Hatch looked back over his shoulder. He saw flashlights bobbing on the Indian-village trail. He poked the fire with a stick and sent up a shower of sparks. The lights broke through brush to the deer run. He remained squatting as a bright beam spotlighted him.

A voice said, "It's Sergeant Swale."

"Hi, Jim," said Hatch. "Where's Gus? Where's the fat no-account sheriff?"

"Stuffing himself with your ducky's cooking, Hatch," Swale chuckled. "Couldn't resist it myself. Ate suerkraut and spare ribs and dumplings, and mashed potatoes that looked like whipped cream. Ate while Corporal Danvers took fingerprints. He's still at it. Young Doc Hunter's with me. He's the new coroner."

Doctor Hunter said, "Hello, Hatch."

"Hi, Doc," Hatch said.

Swale knelt by the body and turned the flashlight beam on the hilt of the knife. He said, "I'm for taking the knife up to the inn and dusting it. I'm for taking the body back on the stretcher I brought down."

"You've been at this twelve years," Doctor Hunter said.

"I must have your permission," Swale said. "It's the law."

"You have my permission," Hunter said.

Sergeant Swale removed the knife with a pair of monkey-nose pliers. He examined the handle with great interest. The blade was about eight inches long and came to a needle point. He put the knife into a cardboard box.

He said, "You're a suspect, Hatch. Talked to Demlock's lawyer in Philadelphia. You get fifty thousand and all his fishing rods."

"Didn't think he liked me special," Hatch said.

"Quite a valuable collection of fishing rods," Swale said. "You and Doc tote back the body, will you?"

The men agreed. The sergeant went down the deer run at a brisk trot, his flashlight clue-seeking among the brush flanking the trail.

The doctor opened a portable stretcher. Hatch smothered the fire with earth. The electric lantern that Doctor Hunter had brought beamed brilliant white light across the clearing.

Please turn to page 24

## ...FASHION..FLASHES..BY..

### ..DOWN TO THE SEA

### ..IN BLOOMERS...

Tile pink cotton against blue Pacific waters and bluer summer skies. How can you keep its new, new look? Dipped in safe, gentle Lux, colours stay true and lovely.



### ..GARDENIA WHITE

### ..GARDENIA FRESH...

Look like a princess in icy-white crepe, encrusted with gardenias of lavish, lovely lace! Don't risk spoiling this romantic beauty by rubbing it with bar soap! Give all your pretty things the Lux look—lovely as new—with regular Lux care!

### ..LACE LIKE...

### ..SPUN MOONBEAMS

Easy to copy for your own trousseau this dream of a slip come true. Easy to keep lovely as new with nightly Lux dips to whisk out perspiration. Tests prove undies stay new-looking three times longer with Lux care.

That smart look... it's the LUX LOOK



U. 257.19

## ALFRED



The Australian Women's Weekly — December 5, 1947



# A Host of Good Things

*Host Holbrook says—*

"Although I am not yet able to offer you such of my well-known delicacies as Olives from Spain and Capers from France, I can now supply, without stint, my famous Sauces and many Table Delicacies.

"I continue to brew my WORCESTER-SHIRE SAUCE in the good old way and to mature it in vats of English oak. Ah! it is excellent with every meat or savoury dish.

"My VAT 2 SAUCE is available, too. It is a delicious, thick, fruity Sauce.

"My TOMATO SAUCE is made from fresh, ripe tomatoes on the day they are gathered from the field.

"My MUSTARD SAUCE is delicious with hot or cold meats, for mayonnaise dressings and in tasty, colourful savouries.

"All my TABLE DELICACIES are skilfully processed from the finest ingredients and are of the high grade quality of the HOUSE OF HOLBROOK, which was founded in the village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just on 150 years ago."

# HOLBROOKS



**H**ATCH and the doctor lifted the inert body of J. Wentworth Demlock on to the stretcher and covered it with a tan blanket.

When they reached the inn, the door was open, awaiting them. So was Swale. He had them park the stretcher right inside the door.

Jesse had lighted the seldom-used candles in the wall brackets. Everything within the room was bathed in the soft yellow radiance. Sheriff Gus Tate had wedged himself into the armchair at the head of the table. He was devoting his attention to an apple dumpling still warm from the oven and covered with cream. He waved a spoon at Hatch in greeting.

Kay Kress sat next to and at right-angles with the sheriff. John Trent sat beside her, too close to suit Hatch. Mrs. Demlock stood on the hearth with her shoulder-blades pressing against the fireplace mantel. Her face was very pale and she opened and closed the catch purse in her hand, the catch making a clicking sound. Corporal Danvers stood at the end of the bar.

Hatch saw the fingerprint equipment there, saw that the ebony hilt of the knife had been dusted with white powder. Danvers looked pleased with himself.

Pablo sat in the chair at the bottom of the staircase. The little Latin, his face in his hands, rocked gently from side to side with a soft moaning. Hatch saw the silvery glint of handcuffs on his wrists.

Swale walked over to the chauffeur. Hatch went behind the bar and sat on the stool. He saw soiled dishes on the table and knew that at least some of them had been tempted to eat.

Pablo avowed, "For Dios, I did not do it!"

"But it's your knife," Swale said. "You admit that."

## The Little French Lady's Scalp

"Si, yes. For the week I have not seen it."

"Your fingerprints are on the hilt," said Swale. He looked at Danvers and asked, "Correct, corporal?"

Danvers cleared his throat. He lifted a magnifying glass and examined the hilt of the knife. He compared the prints with a fingerprint card beside it.

"They are his," he said. "There can be no mistake, even by visual inspection."

Swale said courteously, "The corporal isn't talking through his hat, Pablo. His specialty is fingerprints. If anyone else used the knife they'd smudge your prints, even if they wore gloves. These prints are sharp. . . . Correct, corporal?"

"Very sharp and clear," Danvers said.

John Trent said, "For my money, he's innocent. Nobody would be so stupid. They'd take the knife or wipe the hilt."

Swale's voice was edged. "I'm examining evidence," he said, "not making a psychological appraisal. Maybe his mind went blank."

Mrs. Demlock said sharply, "This isn't real. People don't act this way. A man's been murdered. The sheriff sits down and eats like a pig. The sergeant is too, too polite. Everyone's calm and collected."

Swale spun on her. "Tell us about kissing the chauffeur in the orchard!"

"I was a fool," she admitted. "My husband neglected me. Pablo was handsome and attentive. Kiss me was all he ever did. How could I know that his twisted brain would decide on murder? He should have known that it was a silly, pointless affair."

Pablo swayed more violently.

Continued from page 22

Tears streaked down his cheeks. "I did not do it!" he moaned. "I did not do it!"

Sheriff Tate said, "I go along with the sergeant. Everybody had the opportunity. My favorite actress here had a motive. So did Hatch. But it's Pablo's prints on the knife."

Hatch said, "Maybe the knife we found wasn't the death weapon."

"It was the murder weapon," Swale said positively. "You can take my word for it. I've had a lot of experience with knife wounds."

Tate nodded. "Good enough for me," he said. "Never known the State police to go off half-cocked. That means Pablo's hand drove the knife in. Can't see any other conclusion."

"I can," said Hatch.

**A** HUSH settled in the room. Pablo ceased his crazy swaying and looked up hopefully. Swale's creased forehead indicated deep thought. Mrs. Demlock blinked.

Swale phrased his question very precisely. "You know how to kill with a knife and leave another person's unmarked prints on the hilt?"

"I know how it can be done," Hatch corrected. "Just as I know that one person here is a fake, a phony."

Trent, laughing, turned to the red-head and said, "Bet you're Kay Kress' double. That's why you're covering those famous legs."

Mrs. Demlock said, "Don't be absurd!"

Hatch said, "You're the phony, Trent."

Trent lost his good humor. "I've got credentials," he said. "Call up my college dean. Bring him here!"

"That could be worked with time and money," Hatch said. "The stakes involved would be worth the trouble. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, Trent."

"Fire away, Sherlock!" Trent said. Hatch faced Trent.

"You come in ravin' about an archaeological discovery," he said. "It wasn't. You would have to find a lost civilisation to rate it an archaeological discovery. You called that hawk's claw a needle. It was a fishhook. Indians made needles out of bone silvers."

"You're splitting hairs," Trent protested. "I was talking to laymen."

"A college professor would never refer to an Indian as a native," Hatch went on. "He'd call him an indigene because it's high-soundin' an' would impress the listener no end."

Trent helped himself to one of Kay Kress' cigarettes on the table and lit it with steady fingers.

"You mentioned a civil duty of an Indian chief," Hatch said. "Chiefs had no civil duties any more than an army general to-day has. Chiefs led warriors into battle. Civil duties were vested in an elder known as a sachem. Yes, I talk like a hick. But I got my Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. My thesis was on early Indian civilisation in this State."

A dropped pin would have sounded like a thunderclap in the room. Trent studied the glowing end of the cigarette.

"Maybe so," he said. "My specialty is colonial government. I wanted to sound big about Indians to impress Kay Kress. How does that make me stick the knife into Demlock?"

Hatch said, "Just suppose you and Mrs. Demlock are old chums. She comes to you with a sure-fire murder scheme. You find a fall guy in Pablo. Latins are suckers for blondes. He had a knife. It didn't matter, as long as his prints were found on the knife stuck in Demlock. Being his knife clinched it. Demlock knew that Pablo was making passes. If he knew it, everybody did. So the hot-headed lover kills the husband."

Sheriff Tate said, "Speculating won't do."

Hatch said, "Shut up, Gus! So Pablo goes to the chair. Mrs. Demlock inherits a couple hundred million. You get a nice slice and have her over a barrel. The law is satisfied that the murder is paid in full."

Trent nodded affably. "You make a good case," he admitted, "but how did I stick the knife into Demlock without smudging Pablo's fingerprints?"

Hatch's muscles corded up. He watched Trent narrowly. "You threw it!" he said. "You didn't touch the hilt."

Trent threw back his head and laughed.

Hatch bored in with the clincher. "Demlock told me his wife had been a carnival girl. Carnivals have guys who throw knives around a pretty girl. I'm bettin' you're an ex-knife thrower."

Trent laughed again. Hatch was watching the wrong person. They all were. Mrs. Demlock pulled an automatic from her purse.

The agonising, nerve-racking hours of plotting and planning, of baiting Pablo and suffering his caresses, of finding from her husband the layout and routine of the inn had frayed her nerves and shaken her reason. She cracked.

She knew that they couldn't bluff out the carnival angle. Her civilised veneer peeled away. She had the animal-like lust to kill her tormentor. Her eyes were blue glass as she fired.

**I**T seemed to Hatch a bee hummed across the right side of his neck and left wetness. He heard glass shatter musically on the back bar, heard the soft drip-drip of liquor.

Corporal Danvers shot from his position at the end of the bar. The report of the larger-calibered weapon deafened them. He shot Mrs. Demlock through the fleshy part of her upper right arm. The automatic fell from her shocked fingers.

Trent's right hand started toward his gun. Sheriff Tate's 45 came out of thin air and covered Trent's sweaty face. Kay Kress was looking at Fletcher Hatch. Her eyes were green stars.

Hatch blotted the scratch on his neck.

He said, "All the," had to do was put Pablo in the vicinity at the time of the killing. They knew about Demlock's afternoon walk. Trent probably yelled for help and got him over on the deer run."

Swale transferred the handcuffs from Pablo to Trent. The chauffeur stood up, smiling. He bowed to Hatch, to everyone. His teeth flashed. Trent sat stolidly. He was going to be a hard man to track. Doctor Hunter was bandaging Mrs. Demlock's arm. She didn't notice anything that went on.

Hatch said, "I'd be obliged if you broke the story in town. I don't want the place wrecked. An' remember, Jim Swale an' me cooked it up. I was Swale's tool in trapping the killer."

"Sure, sure," the sheriff agreed. "I'll be up in the morning to check this and that."

Jim Swale stopped at the door. Hatch said, "If you an' the corporal can make breakfast—"

"Well, come," Swale said, and went out with his prisoner.

Presently no one was left except Kay Kress and Fletcher Hatch.

"You must have twenty guardian angels," she said softly.

"Nope," he said, with a shake at his head. "I had the little French lady's scalp in my pocket."

He took out the oilskin pouch and laid it on the bar. His eyes remained on Kay Kress as he uncoiled the scalp lock and straightened it out on the bar. He saw the color fade from her face.

He glanced down at the little French lady's scalp. A chill wound around his waist and squeezed his stomach. The braided hair was no longer the pale yellow he'd known all his life. It was red! It was the precise purplish-red of Kay Kress' hair. The silence lengthened. Logie battled superstition through Hatch's consciousness.

He said, "That there bullet busted a bottle, a red one, an' we see'd a trick of optical refraction."

There was a quaver in her voice as she said, "You miss a point. Why did destiny make it happen in this microscopic fragment of eternity?"

Hatch rubbed the nape of his neck. "Read your own omen!"

Kay Kress reached across the bar and grabbed his wrist. Her cool fingers were surprisingly strong. "I'm not afraid any more," she said. "Maybe some of these days a missionary might happen by. I reckon."

The shadows were vanishing. Mellow yellowness steeped the room, and the fireplace flames burned straight and stiff, like soldiers on parade.

(Copyright)

Now you can dance and sing through washdays ...

and get that

# PERSIL DAZZLE

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the PERSIL DAZZLE in ALL your wash

Happy as a hit tune —



that's the way whites look when you give them the Persil dazzle. Whites are snowy-sparkling—the whitest white of all. No wonder poor Mr. Dirty-White is out of step! Why doesn't someone tell him that Persil's busy oxygen-charged suds really send dirt racing — not some of it ... not most of it ... BUT ALL of it.



Gay as a Maypole!

Yes Ma'am! That's how coloured look when they have that happy Persil Dazzle. Shirts 'n' shorts, jumpers 'n' jackets all come up with that ritzy band-box look. Persil gives the brightest wash because it washes cleanest.

Kiddies make the wash pile up

but Mum waltzes through that wash in jig-time — gets that zippy Persil dazzle into everything. All the kiddies' things — from "bests" to play-togs — come out of a Persil dip bright and chirpy. Once Persil suds start coaxing, dirt just can't say no!

You too can have that PERSIL DAZZLE



L. KITCHEN & SONS LTD.

P.374.19

## BUTCH



"Oh, it wasn't any bother—just a few leftovers I scraped together."

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 5, 1947





The Hotpoint Moderne Iron makes "child's play" of hard work. 20% larger sole-plate gives faster ironing; air cooled handle and buttonhooks make ironing easier and streamlined design and gleaming chromium give attractive finish.

## Christmas Presents WITH A YEAR-ROUND FUTURE



This Hotpoint "Wife-saver" makes home cleaning easy. Its three cleaning actions — tapping out the dirt, combing up lint and extra strong suction — clean quickly and thoroughly. Specially designed attachments are available for cleaning upholstery, curtains, mattresses, etc.



Father's Favourite Spot is right beside the Hotpoint Bandmaster radio. He (and all the family) enjoy the clear tone and selectivity of the model H55DE, its attractive plastic cabinet and easily-read edge-lit dial. Improved circuit design covers the new 540 Kc. band.



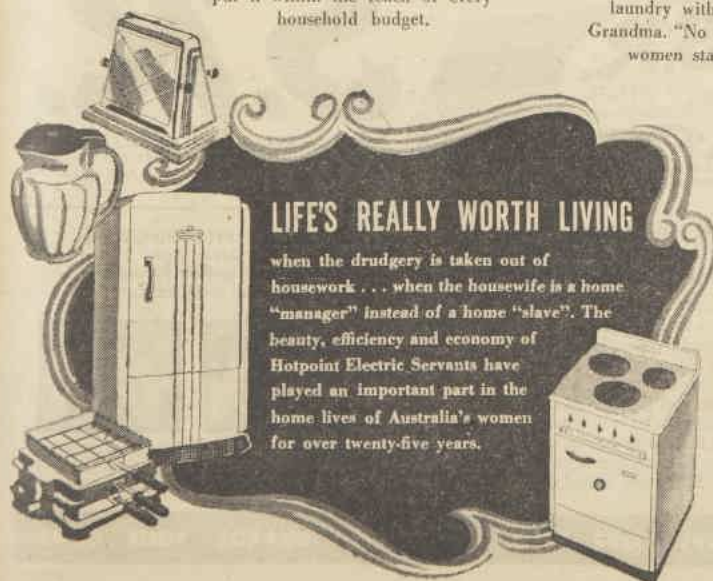
Steaming Hot Water at the turn of a tap, for bath, hand-basin or kitchen sink, is a boon in every home. Hotpoint's water heater design harmonises with any bathroom or kitchen interior, and easy installation and economical operation put it within the reach of every household budget.

"It's a Long Way from steamy wash-house and back-breaking mangle to the modern laundry with its Hotpoint washer," says Grandma. "No wonder that Hotpoint-minded women stay younger, lovelier longer."



AT PRESENT your Hotpoint retailer may not be able to supply all the Hotpoint Electric Servants you want. Until he can, remember that it's well worth waiting to buy the best — and that means HOTPOINT.

Obtainable from your HOTPOINT Retailer



### LIFE'S REALLY WORTH LIVING

when the drudgery is taken out of housework . . . when the housewife is a home "manager" instead of a home "slave". The beauty, efficiency and economy of Hotpoint Electric Servants have played an important part in the home lives of Australia's women for over twenty-five years.



# Hotpoint

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED  
Sydney, Newcastle, Lismore, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville, Hobart, Launceston. Agents in W.A.: Atkins (W.A.), Ltd.



**J**ULIE went on:

"Anyway, he's older now, and much more definite about what he likes and doesn't like. Oh, it all happened in a stupid way—neither of us was thinking about it. The first time I went round, after he got home, Pam was having a bath and I was waiting alone in the room. It was twilight—just the firelight, you know."

"Some combination," said Eric. "And he came in and just saw my head over the sofa cushion and thought I was Pam. He came straight over and took me in his arms, and—"

There was a silence. Then Julie went on in a shaky voice. "We both knew in less than a minute, and I tried to get away, but he held me and said 'Oh, Julie, I've been a fool.' I think Eric he's been realising ever since he got back that Pam was—"

"A frightful little bore," finished Eric. "She is, you know."

"It's mean and revolting of us to say that. But he told me later, that he'd found that out. Not that she was a bore, but that he just didn't care for her. Anyway, he'd tried to be extra nice to her, on purpose, and she didn't seem to have noticed anything. He's the only man in her life, you see; she doesn't know the moves. But when we kissed, we just knew."

She smiled ruefully.

"I needn't explain to you how those things grow, all in one half-hour. We heard Pam coming, and he said to me 'Lunch with me tomorrow. We've got to talk. This can't stay where it is,' and we'd just arranged it, when Pam came in. She looked so sweet and he was nice to her, and I came away feeling like a criminal."

"And then?"

"Oh, I met him next day, and we knew we loved each other. So we said we wouldn't meet again. But it wasn't as easy as that. She kept ringing up and saying why didn't I ever come round, and then one night they took me and another man dancing, and she asked him why he didn't dance with me, and said he must remember he was the host, and—"

## Continuing . . . Designing Woman

from page 7

"These nice little women," said Eric. "So he danced with you and told you this couldn't go on. He was desperate."

"You've been there yourself, haven't you? Yes. And we went out together one night, and we knew it couldn't go on. We must tell Pam, and—"

"Have you?"

"Not yet. I tried once, this afternoon. I gently hinted to her that she must loosen the chain a bit. She's getting awfully wifely. You know the sort of thing: 'Now, Quentin, it's time you—' 'Oh, Quentin, you naughty boy, you haven't—' and so on. I can see him writhing." She frowned worriedly.

"I gently hinted, as I've said. She simply said she was a married woman, and knew and understood men for that reason, especially Quentin. I left that flat vowing that anyone who could be such a fool deserved to lose her husband, and I was going to fight for my own hand. But somehow—"

"Trouble is, there's a substratum of stark decency in you, Julie. A man who says he understands women is a fool, or a liar, but as far as it's possible, not very far, I grant you—I do understand you."

Julie sat up with a jerk and began to laugh a little uncertainly. "How extraordinary. That's just what I said to Pam this afternoon. About women understanding men, I mean."

"Well, it's true. Now what do we do?"

"I don't know, Eric. I just don't know. Isn't it futile and ridiculous? Me struggling like a schoolgirl between right and wrong! I've only got to go into my act and he hasn't a hope, nor Pam either."

"As I said before, my girl, there's a substratum of stark decency in you. I've long suspected it. I was right. Look, give me twenty-four

hours, then I'll give you my advice."

"Can do," said Julie. "I don't promise to follow it, but I'll listen."

"Signed, sealed, and settled. Now let's forget it for to-night. Feel like dancing?"

They danced, and all the women said, "Look, my dear, Julie," and all the men looked and said nothing, being too wise to say what they thought.

I was at about four o'clock next day, after a morning and afternoon of unmitigated hard work, that Eric rang a certain number.



"As of the finish of this soda, we're through."

"Is that Mr. Waybridge? Quentin Waybridge? . . . I'm Eric Winletter. Your wife's cousin, Julie, works for me, you know. Yes, that's right. Heard a lot about you. I wondered whether you'd care to come round to my place for a drink? . . . Not at all, like to meet you. About six?"

As six o'clock Quentin Waybridge was ushered into Eric's comfortable quarters above the establishment.

"Well," he said, "you're not much what I thought a fashion designer looked like."

"You don't have to wear sandals and a beard just because you're an artist," said Eric, "but it's all an-

other phase of the same thing; putting what one has of the love of beauty into the work one does."

"Love of beauty is right, I should think," said Quentin, with a grin. "Nicer than lay figures to work on, all those pretty young women, hey? Thanks, just a splash."

"And that," went on Eric, "brings us right into the middle of what I was wanting to talk to you about. Julie told me about you and her."

"Julie told you?"

"Yes," said Eric, taking a sip of his own whisky and soda. Then he put the glass down. "Nothing so very surprising in that. You see, I'm her husband."

"What are you talking about? She's not married."

"Oh, yes, she is. We've been married for some years. We keep it a dead secret, because it wouldn't look too good for her to be too domesticated. She wouldn't command anything like the same rates of pay. Also, we've rather drifted apart as far as that's concerned. Still, you can take my word for it."

"Good Lord!" said Quentin. He seemed to find words difficult.

"Quite so," said Eric briskly. "Now there's just one thing I want to say to you." He walked over to Quentin, his jaw sticking out rather unpleasantly, his fists clenched.

"Leave my wife alone. You hear me? If I hear any more from you, or if I hear that you've been bothering her again, I'll knock you down in public, and enjoy paying the damages. I'll see to it that Pam hears of it. You might have a little consideration for her, poor child."

"That's the pity of it," said Quentin, a sudden wave of regret changing his expression for a second.

"It is, isn't it?" said Eric.

"Yes," said Quentin. "I'd a notion all along that I couldn't really do that to Pam, you know."

**R**ELAXING and, denly, Eric said: "In that case, finish your drink."

He rang Julie later and asked if he might come round. He found her pale and unhappy-looking in a sweeping house-gown of his own design, that looked like a lawn of pale lilies.

"Did you know that we were married?" he asked.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Well, we are. I told Quentin so, and ordered him to lay off my wife."

"You what?"

Eric came over to her and took her into his arms.

"It needed this to shake me out of the rut I was in," he said. "I was too near the trees to see the wood. Only when you sat there last night and told me you loved someone else, did I realise I only want you in all the world. We'd got too accustomed to each other. We must approach the relationship from a new angle. No, you needn't move yet."

After an interlude, Julie said, "I'm simply dazed. How dare you tell him we were married?"

"We shall be, quite soon. He's gone back to his wife. You realise that, don't you?" He suddenly caught her even closer. "Oh, don't cry, my darling. You'll be much happier with me than you could with him. We belong. You and he didn't."

"I'm not crying," gasped Julie. "I'm laughing."

Some minutes later, during which time not a word had been spoken, nor needed to be spoken, Eric raised his lips from hers and said, "Oh, by the way, you're retiring from business."

"I'm not."

"Oh, yes, you are. It's high time a fine upstanding healthy woman like you was of some use in the world. Instead of standing around in other people's clothes. We'll be married soon, and then—"

"I suppose you'll design the nappy-washing suit?"

"You took the very words right out of my mouth," said Eric.

(Copyright)

Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions



**Now! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH**

**THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED**



**It's easy—it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.**

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, often after only a few days. Get a tube of S.R. right away!

**S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHOEA).**

**ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS**  
(taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette)  
show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums



1. Condition before treatment.



2. 14 days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.

**S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS**

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD

Page 26

SR.12.81

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 6, 1947



# Fashion PATTERNS



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CLARA." Pinafore for Summer Days.  
The pretty pinafore frock and blouse are available ready to wear or cut out ready to make up in printed spun rayon. The pinafore features a deep "U"-shaped neckline and buttons down the front to just below the waistline.  
Colors for the pinafore are: Sage-green with white, red, and black poppies; silver-grey with white, red, and black poppies; pink with blue, black, and white poppies; blue with white, black, and white poppies. The blouse is in white only.  
Ready To Wear, Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 47/11 (4 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/9s extra.  
Cut Out Only, Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 47/11 (4 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/9s extra.  
The House, Ready To Wear, Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/6 (5 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 27/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/2s extra.  
Cut Out Only, Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/6 (5 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 27/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/2s extra.  
N.B.—When ordering the pinafore, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 944—CRISP WHITE COLLAR AND CUFFS  
The pretty collar and cuffs are ready to embroider on white organdy. Price 2/6 the set. No coupons.  
No. 945—SMART REVER COLLAR  
To freshen up a dark suit embroider this collar on a plain white organdy. Price 1/11. No coupons.  
No. 946—LITTLE FROCK FOR DAUGHTER  
The frock is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in a cotton material. The frock buttons at the side, making it easier to slip on. The yoke and hem are outlined with self trim. Colors to choose from are: lemon, beige, green, blue, and white. Sizes 20in., 22in., 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., 32in., 34in., 36in., 38in., 40in., 42in., 44in., 46in., 48in., 50in. (4 coupons); 27in. length, 4/6 (4 coupons). Postage, 1/2s extra.  
No. 947—THREE BIBS FOR BABY  
The bibs are bound and traced ready to embroider on a white absorbent cotton material. Price 1/11. Postage, 1/2s extra.  
No. 948—A LUNCHEON SET  
The set is traced on pure linen combed in white only, ready to embroider. It consists of 1 centre mat, 4 place mats, and 4 serviettes. Price 12/11 (no coupons). Postage, 6s6d extra. Illustrated in issue of November 15.

\* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt dispatch of orders by post you should:  
\* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS.  
\* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.  
\* State size required.  
\* For children's patterns state age.  
\* Use box numbers given on this page.  
\* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

F4933—Lace-trimmed nightgown and matching scanties. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 31yds. 36in. material for nightgown; 1yd. 36in. material for scanties; 2yds. of 2in. wide lace. Pattern, 2/8.

F4934—Junior sunsuit, lengths 20in., 23in., and 27in. Requires 11yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/5.

F4935—Small girl's one-piece dress, in lengths 18in., 19in., 20in. Requires 11yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/5.

F4936—Smart one-piece dress, in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4937—Maternity dress with soft back fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4938—New silhouette with cross-over skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. material for collar. Pattern, 1/10.

## INTERSTATE ADDRESSES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 9), or by post.  
Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 408E, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. traders use money orders only.)

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.



# Recipe for Housewives Who Need a 'Lift'

Housework was such a drudge . . . but now — a cup of tea with 2 'ZANS' TABLETS and I feel ready to fly through the work!



When molehills seem like mountains; when you're jaded and nervy and feel you just can't carry on . . . that's the time to take a couple of 'ZANS,' those amazing little APC tablets.

'ZANS' tablets have a double action against headaches and pain; they soothe the nerves and they give you a pleasant 'lift' from that depressed feeling.

Prepared with extreme accuracy according to formula, 'ZANS' tablets bring you APC in its most effective form—quicker acting, safe, convenient and easy to take. Obtainable at all chemists and stores at 3d. (3 doses) and 1/- (12 doses).

## 'ZANS'

### THE QUICKER APC

Nicholas Product

COPYRIGHT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CW/57



# IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

With Christmas only a few weeks away, many readers are asking for advice about presents that may be given by a girl to a man, and by a man to a girl.

There really aren't any rules about this sort of thing, except those dictated by good taste.

For instance, it is neither kind nor in good taste to give somebody a very costly present when it will cause embarrassment.

A present of this type may cause uneasiness because it is not at all the right sort of gift for the person concerned; because the giver appears to be possessive and forcing things by making an elaborate gift; or because it is not possible to give anything half as costly in return.

A small present, chosen carefully and with the tastes of the person to whom it will be given in mind, is always the one that people like. Only gold-diggers and money-mobs are delighted when they receive something that has obviously cost a great deal—often more than the giver can really afford.

Except in the case of "the family" and those who are engaged, it isn't considered in the best of good taste to give presents of a highly personal nature. Though no one frowns these days when a man gives a girl something to wear, there are any number of other gifts that are just as attractive.

Here are just a few suggestions that might help solve the Christmas shopping problems of those who have asked about what to give someone who isn't "a steady."

For men: Books, scarves, desk, sporting, and smoking requisites.

For girls: Sweets, books, scarves, beach accessories, powder compacts and perfumes.

"THE girl next door in a year or so younger than I am. She refuses to take me seriously, yet is interested in boy-friends. How can I impress her? We have been neighbors all our lives."

It would be best for you to be perfectly natural when you are in the company of your neighbor. Having known each other for so many years, anything else would be foolish. But to make her conscious of you as a young man and not just "the boy next door," it would not hurt to take special trouble with your appearance at the times you are likely to see her.

"THE adopted child who has grown up with my own children worries me because she is so different and not affectionate. She is 15 now and seems to feel instinctively that she is not one of us, though she has never been told so or made to feel apart. Have I failed in some way?"

If the adopted child has never been made to feel any different from your own children, I don't think you

can reproach yourself. This girl is not a blood member of your family, and it is quite possible that she feels herself different from those with whom she has grown up—without being able to explain why. This feeling is enough to account for what seems her lack of affection. Continue to love her as you always have, and remember to make allowances.

"PLEASE tell me the order in which the wedding party should enter a church."

The bridesmaids arrive at the church before the bride (who comes with her father) and wait in the porch. Led by the chief bridesmaid or matron of honor, they follow the bride up the aisle. The bridegroom and best man, who have waited in the vestry, should be already standing at the right of the altar facing the aisle down which the bride will come.

During the ceremony the bridesmaids stand at the bride's left, slightly to the rear, and the best man and groomsmen at the groom's right, also slightly to the rear.

"MY parents are much stricter than those of my friends, and because I don't do a number of things they do I have got the name of a goody-goody. How can I make them see that I am really nothing of the sort?"

By entering wholeheartedly into the activities you are allowed, you will soon convince your friends that you are a lively, pleasure-loving person, and anything but a goody-goody. If you envy them their greater freedom, don't try to cover it up by assuming a superior attitude. They are far more likely to resent this than the fact that your parents are rather stricter than theirs.

"MY mother is fairly encouraging, but how can I make my father interested in and agreeable to my taking up the career that attracts me?"

You should prove to him first of all that the career is a worthwhile one, promising satisfactory wages or salary, steady employment, and an interesting life. Men are best convinced by hard facts—they deal with them in business and understand them better than vague though worthy sentiments. If you can point out anyone who has made an outstanding success of the same career, it will help. Lastly, leave him no doubt that it is the career you want, and that you feel it is the right one for you.

"COULD you please advise me on the right manner to adopt when out? I always seem to be the quiet one."

Always try to be natural. This is the most lovable characteristic anyone can have. If you are by nature a quiet person, be content to remain one, and don't cultivate an artificially bright manner; it always rings hollow and is never convincing. Though every girl owes it to herself to make the best of what attractions she has, there is no need to be ashamed of a quiet and shy manner. Leave it to others to sparkle—you will win plenty of friends by just being yourself.

"AFTER going out with a boy for over two years, I find I am not serious, but am attracted to someone else. Would it be best to tell them both?"

Tell the first boy that you aren't serious—that is only fair. But don't tell the other you are attracted to him, until you know that he feels the same way about you.

"HOW long do you think it takes two people to know each other?"

You've asked not only a difficult question, but one that it's quite impossible to answer. People are so different; almost everything depends on reserve, temperament, and the time you spend together. Some people are easy to know, and you feel almost at once that you understand them completely. Others have to be known for much longer before you can claim really to understand them.

"WHAT comfort can I give a friend who is utterly devoted to her married sons and their families, but is sadly neglected by them? She was the centre of their world before they married."

Now that her sons have homes and families of their own, your friend must expect to play a less prominent part in their lives. But this does not mean that they love her the less.

Her children may no longer need the unselfish care she lavished on them, but a wise and loving grandmother can make a very real place for herself in the lives of her grandchildren, and by being sympathetic and not making demands she can prove a tower of strength to her daughters-in-law.

"WE are worried because we think some of the guests at my brother's evening wedding may wear tails, while he and his best

## When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

man have only dinner suits. Can you suggest a solution?"

Some of the men, the older ones particularly, may own only tails. With clothes rationing and other present-day difficulties, it's just no use worrying unduly about sartorial correctness. People can wear only what they have. All bridegrooms and those attending weddings have the same problems, so don't attach too much importance to what cannot be helped.

"MY second cousin and I want to marry, but are meeting opposition from friends and family. Have they any real reason for this?"

It is possible they are confusing the marriage of first cousins, which has in the past been rather widely disapproved. But modern views are that except in the case of undesirable hereditary tendencies, such as certain forms of mental deficiency and physical defects common to both parties, there is no objection.

"DO you think there is any truth in the saying, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'?"

I think there is, with people who are really fond of each other. In this case enforced separations deepen the love already existing.

Absences have never weakened real affections, only those that are not strong enough to stand up to the test.

"ON which side is it correct for the man to walk when escorting a lady?"

It is the accepted thing for the man to walk on the outside—the side nearest the kerb. This custom originated in the days when streets were unpaved, and the sumptuous dress of the lady might be splashed with mud from passing carriages.

"THE man with whom I thought myself in love has admitted there is someone else. I like him too much as a friend to want him to go out of my life. Do you think the other girl would object?"

If you are serious about wanting to remain friends with this man you will have to make up your mind to be friends with the girl, too. That means meeting her, appreciating her good qualities, being absolutely fair in your dealings with her, and seeing the man you once thought yourself in love with only in her company.

That sounds a tall order, but I think it is worth trying.

## WHAT A BLESSING VELVET HAS BEEN TO THIS MOTHER-OF-SIX



Read the amazing real-life story of Mrs. Epps, 98 Whitehall St., Footscray, Vic.\*

says Aunt Jenny

(Original letter on our files.)



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" writes this proud mother—"I'm still using my 15-year-old nappies for Baby Robyn that have been worn by every one of my six children! That's certainly a blue ribbon to Velvet, isn't it, ladies?"

YES, housewives everywhere are singing the praises of Velvet, because it makes clothes and linens last far longer. It's hard rubbing with skimpy, inferior lather that frays fabrics—wears them out before their time. But with Velvet's extra soapy suds—even ground-in grime comes away with just a few light finger-rubs. And since there's no hard rubbing everything stays like new, year after year.



"ELAINE'S the 'Beauty of the Family,' wearing 'our' 15-year-old suit," adds Mrs. Epps. "I re-made it from one of my own old frocks. And the imp in the car is John. You just can't imagine the dirt that child gets into—by bedtime his clothes are black as the ace of spades! That's why I'd never be without a bar of Velvet in the house."



Tune in every morning, Monday to Thursday

"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

TRUST ME TO SAVE YOUR POTS AND PANS! USE MONKEY BRAND—THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES.

MONKEY BRAND

CLEANS EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN, BATHROOM, ETC.

MB.10.34

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

V.159.19



# Have you tried Bourn-vita as a milk shake ?



IT'S QUICK  
AND EASY  
TO MAKE!

Just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules into icy-cold milk—whisk briskly—add sugar if you like—and your Bourn-vita Milk Shake is ready. Rich, creamy, malty chocolaty, and C-O-O-L-I-N-G. It cools parched lips, quenches thirsty throats, and gives a lift to jaded feelings. The careful preparation of malt extract, eggs, full-cream milk and chocolate in Bourn-vita gives added richness to your milk. Served icy cold, this delicious food-drink will really refresh you.

IT'S BETTER  
FOR THE  
KIDDIES!



A QUICK  
SOURCE OF  
ENERGY!



On hot, thirsty days, give all the family Bourn-vita this Milk Shake way. The kiddies love its rich, chocolaty, malty flavour, and its cooling goodness soon restores energy and good humour when they get tired and crotchety. Bourn-vita is especially prepared by a low temperature process which retains the natural protective qualities of the ingredients—the calcium, phosphorus, iron, and the Vitamins A, B, & D—all so necessary for growing children. Give them Bourn-vita often—as a long, cooling drink during the day or as a bedtime, going-to-sleep, food drink.

## Get a tin today!

Bourn-vita comes in handy half-pound and full one pound sizes. Get a tin from your chemist or store today and start on the road to renewed health the Bourn-vita way.



DOUBLE  
SEALED



**"Bourn-vita before bed  
encourages a  
deep, natural sleep"**

Medical science has proved that the normal person uses more energy during the first hour of sleep than during a normal waking hour. A cup of Bourn-vita before bed supplies a quick source of energy from which the body can draw during this important first hour of sleep.

Bourn-vita is rich in diastase (the natural malt digestive of starchy foods) and it quickly encourages a deep sound sleep that helps refresh every tired muscle and relax every taut nerve. You wake in the morning thoroughly refreshed and invigorated. Bourn-vita before-bed helps you sleep better and wake fresher—it's the natural food drink.

*Cadbury's*  
**BOURN-VITA**

The ideal food drink—hot or cold

VS0071



# THE BLUNTS: A fugue in plaster

There were plenty of Mad Hatters at the party, with Harvey an excellent stand-in for the March Hare... like Alice, I was crotchety, and inclined to be rude. Although nobody got pushed head first into the tea-pot they should've been.

Weekly feature written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT



IGOR appeals to the uninhibited minds of the little ones.

TO begin with, it wasn't a party at all. It was just a nice, shining day, and the house was cool as a grotto, only more cheery.

A fine and fulsome bean salad, smooth and strawberry ice-cream waited in the refrigerator. Clouds of deep blue hydrangeas, late roses, and the heavenly trumpets of November lilies were reflected in table tops that the labors of Mrs. Leaf had transformed into darkly shining pools, and there was perfume in the air.

Could this be my house? So serene, so slow, so early in the morning, and me with nothing to do but walk from room to room, admiring? And what of the two black-hearted demons? Ha, ha. They had something else to pester and tease.

The unhappy cecilia, freed at last from his ugly armor, creeping gently from his dungeon, his lovely wings yet untried, straight into the vanton, rubby paws of horrid little boys... black princes, greengrocers, hairy bakers.

These more fortunate creatures enjoying freedom in the improbable



MELISSA brought some of her livelier pictures... there was bean salad and prawns for lunch.

blue forest of jacarandas loudly thanked their stars without pause.

Well, then and there I decided it was a domestic day, one of those days when the irascible ticking of the clock is music, instead of sounding like a tiny axe chipping away at precious time.

But, alas, before long I was dragged from domesticity to sculpture with the arrival of Igor.

It was such a lovely day to build a sculpture of something in the fish-pool.

Did I have a dish a basin? Big, very big, please? Did I have a knife and a spoon that didn't matter, a trowel, or perhaps an egg-lift and after that an old pair of trousers?

Of such stuff are goddesses made. The trousers though were not for the goddess.

Igor, like Pandora, opened an unfortunate box of trouble. Immediately Taffy and Penny stopped pouring water down possible cleads burrows and began to make goddesses, too, and to want basins and cement and knives.

Papa abandoned his favorite olive tree to build yet another love seat, calculated to stimulate rheumatism rather than romance.

Mad with disgust, I grabbed up Agatha Christie's latest work and transported myself to an English house party where people were dying like flies in baffling circumstances. But they were all so pleasant I was just beginning to wonder how the author intended to make the reader dislike the murderer enough to say hanging was too good for him, when Melissa arrived with an armful of canvases.

Maybe you don't know Melissa, but then neither do I really.

Melissa wanted to paint a sort of terrible cave, full of gorgons and serpents, that we own. She brought a few of her happier paintings to show Igor, Stygian little vignettes of death and what not.

There were portraits of decaying gentlemen, hollow-eyed ladies with

green skins and greying shrouds, and a really lively portrait of an octopus in the Dali manner.

The bean salad and the prawns were eaten automatically—in an atmosphere tainted with linseed oil, and accompanied by a discussion of the subconscious, the realization of the inner strife, the portents of inevitable doom.

Melissa enthused in her litting voice on the unattainable whites of bleached bones; and on the intangible infinite blacks in the fungus-lined cave.

I composed a solemn requiem for a King prawn, beginning...

"Sweet pink crustacean, little King of the Deep."

Feeling it was time that death took a holiday, I bundled up the dishes with a merry clatter and said, "Well, how's the goddess of what?"

Igor fanned out his fingers in an expressive gesture of exasperation and turned on his heel. We trooped after him past a mad-scented riot of summer color to inspect the work in progress.

We stood awhile in silence, frantically searching for appropriate words of criticism or praise.

The goddess was as yet within the egg, so to speak.

To view the work now was like my taking a dinner guest to look at the stock pot before I turned it into consommé royale.

The boys, who should have known better, said, "Wot's that?"

Igor tore at his picturesque hair more plaintively than furiously, adding to it a pomade of cement. "Do you not see already the movement?" he cried.

"Aw, that's not moving... how can it?" they said with appalling frankness.

The discerning ones nodded comprehendingly. There was certainly movement in that up-curve. Static movement.

I sighed, sadly, as I caught a look of truculent scorn lodge on Taffy's countenance. Penny, temporarily in a state of hero worship, was a ball of rapt attention.

"Oh why, oh why?" cried a small voice inside me, as Igor, tossing aside the stultified minds of adults, sought some approval in the uninhibited ones of the little children...

I tried to stop him by remarking that I'd some really exquisite blackberry tarts for tea... too late. Igor had nailed Taffy with a look.

"Do you like music?" he asked, unexpectedly.

Taffy reddened and said it was orl roight, but a bit eissy. Penny tucked his hands under his chin, and, looking impish and seraphic all at once, said, "I just worship it: it's adorable."

"Yah," I said under my breath. The sculptor glowed. "Well, now you will understand," he purred; "this is a tune-in stone. What is your favorite tune?"

"The Blue-Tail Fly," Penny told him brightly.

Igor looked suspicious, but said, "Well, you sing it, and then you will see that this figure is really a piece of music; now sing while you look."

"Oh," said Penny, with a sweet smile. "I don't like the tune; I only like the words." At that Igor really did rend a small tuft of hair from his scalp.

In the distance I could glimpse the half-finished goddess of whatever—probably strife. If Igor ever gives her a head, I decided, we'll call her the Fugue in the Pool.

I heard my voice crying out, "Blackberry tarts ahoy! Will we take tea on the terrace?"

"Dreadful, dreadful boys," I muttered as I poured the tea and looked at the half-finished goddess of whatever, probably strife.

"We will call her the Fugue in the Pool," I thought. If the harassed artist does End It All overnight leaving her headless.

## Four years in Tanganyika Mission nurse's worst worries caused by witch doctor

After four years' work as a nursing missionary in Tanganyika Territory on the East Coast of Africa, Winifred Preston, a brown-haired, quietly spoken young woman, is back at her home in Chatswood, Sydney, on leave.

THE witch doctor, the medicine man, and the old native midwife were the only "real trials" in the life of the tiny missionary, who has been living under conditions which would be one long trial for most people.

But she is anxiously awaiting her return to Tanganyika early next year because "things go too fast in Australia for me now."

In her own words, she "lived with the Wasogoa in Ugo, and spoke, for the most part, the native language of Chigoga."

Winifred worked at the Church of England Missionary Society hospital in Central Tanganyika, and is obviously still worried about the damage done by witch doctors, medicine men, and native midwives among the 200,000 natives in the area.

"They do so much damage," she said.

Over and over again the result of their work is death, but they have many followers and often we receive patients too late to undo the damage they have done.

"Sometimes mothers bring us little children permanently blinded from a herb the medicine men chew



NATIVE ORDERLY helps Winifred Preston to do some furniture moving.

in their diseased mouths and spit into the children's eyes to cure some little affliction.

"The natives believe in them because occasionally they fluke a cure, or rather the complaint happens to get better.

"If one native has a grudge against another he pays the witch doctor with a goat or a sheep to cast the spell of death on his enemy.

"It usually works because once a native knows the spell has been cast on him he just makes up his mind he is going to die and goes."

Winifred said the wife of a sub-chief had her child at the hospital with normal labor, but two hours after the birth suddenly screamed and died.

Inquiries revealed that a witch doctor had cast a spell on her, and for the last three months of her pregnancy both she and her husband—and other natives—were prepared for her death.

native staff consisting of 10 nurses and four male orderlies.

Six of the nurses are widows, and work in the maternity wards, and the remaining four are unmarried and do general nursing.

Pregnant women sometimes travel up to 300 miles to the hospital, and there are usually 50 to 60 patients in the maternity wards.

Shortly before Miss Preston's arrival in Tanganyika a doctor shot a lion from a window in the hospital.

"Once we followed the footprints of two lions which had encircled the women's ward during the night, and on another occasion I saw a leopard along the road," she said.

"Fortunately, I was in a lorry. The Arab driver stepped on the accelerator and we went for our lives.

"Giraffes have also been seen from the hospital premises."

Asked about snakes, Winifred wriggled a little and said there were



THREE of the hospital's ten native nurses on duty in the maternity ward.

The hospital, which is run by two Church Nursing Missionaries, has a

"too many, and horrible ones at that. Last year was very trying for both the natives and the few whites in the area," she said.

"It was the end of a seven-year drought, and there was an acute shortage of food and water.

"When the rains came at the end of the year mushrooms popped up all over the place.

"After months of near starvation the natives ate everything they found, and many died from mushroom poisoning."

Winifred is proud of the decrease in the infant mortality rate from 80 per cent. to 20 per cent. at the hospital.

She thinks, however, that a great deal must be accomplished before the life of the average native woman in Tanganyika is a happy one.

She is obviously anxious to return to her work there. Although she is not a robust-looking person, it is evident that, in addition to her Australian training as a nurse, she has a quiet determination to apply herself to a job which must be not only hard and lonely, but very often frightening.



# Eight-year-old newcomer stars in "Oliver Twist"

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

England's newest film star is a wiry, impish, inquisitive child of eight.

He is John Howard Davies, and he has just completed the role of "Oliver Twist" in Cineguild's ambitious screen version of the Dickens story.

THE fact that stardom has been suddenly thrust upon him has made very little difference to John — except that his weekly pocket-money has been increased from sixpence to a shilling, and that he has had to have a private tutor at Pinewood instead of going to school.

For the past four months the fair, curly-haired lad has been playing the part at Pinewood Studios under the strictest secrecy.

The hush-hush policy was necessary because of the British law forbidding children under 14 to work in films for money.

It is not considered likely that the Child Welfare Department will take any action against the film company as he has been so well looked after and given special schooling.

The casting of John Howard Davies ended a search during which director Lean and producer Neame, who were responsible for the fine Dickens film, "Great Expectations," received more than 1500 applications from boys of all ages from all over the British Isles.

## Many auditions

AFTER weeding out the obvious unsuitables, they patiently went on with one hundred and fifty auditions of young hopefuls. None was exactly right for the part of the frail, neglected child so poignantly described by the author.

As the hundred and fiftieth audition ended, director and producer looked at each other in despair.

Said the producer, Ronald Neame, glumly:

"The Government's free milk, free lunches, special allocations of cod liver oil, and orange juice seem to have produced a tough and excessively healthy generation of British children."

They appeared in the national Press, and even made a special

trailer film advertisement to show at every children's cinema matinee. All this failed to bring response from any likely young Oliver.

It seemed that the whole grand project of filming one of Dickens' greatest novels would have to be shelved indefinitely, for with restricted studio space in Britain any film which fails to start when it is scheduled has to step out and take its place at the end of a whole quota of films waiting to be made.

"It was impossible to go ahead before finding Oliver Twist himself," David Lean, the director, said. Then quite by accident he was discovered.

A casting director of the Rank Organisation was invited to dine with some friends. Just before dinner was served, the little son of the family, swathed in a large-sized dressing-gown, and shining from his bath, came hopping downstairs to say good-night to his parents.

"With his fair curls gleaming under the electric light he looked like a junior angel," the casting director said. "I realised I was looking at the only possible Oliver Twist."

Despite his fragile air, young John, like the Oliver Twist he plays, is always hungry. In the studio restaurant he tackles a man-sized three-course meal, and then ogles the waitresses for more.

The continuity girl who follows the film's progress with a typed report on each scene often finds her work getting behind because Master Davies is pestering for another lesson on her typewriter.

Director David Lean, who added to his laurels with his schooling of young Anthony Wager in the role of Pip in "Great Expectations," says that little John Howard Davies took to his part with the naturalness of a born actor.

"He is an imaginative child," David said. "To him acting isn't work, but just part of a game. It's nothing more than a game of 'pretending' that every boy plays—only some are much better at it than others."

John's big brother on the set is fifteen-year-old Anthony Newley who recently starred in "Two

Cities' comedy "Vice Versa," and is cast in "Oliver Twist" as The Artful Dodger.

It is not a coincidence that John has shown such a flair for "pretending," for his family has a long stage history.

His great-grandmother, "The Great Zeeo," was a famous circus artist—the first woman ever to be shot from a catapult—and her husband was an actor-manager.

His grandfather was an impresario. Both John's father and mother are film script-writers and journalists.

In addition to most of the girl studio workers who are confessedly in love with him, the male technicians don't seem to be proof against John's wide-eyed curiosity and immense interest in everything they do. That goes for the cameramen who hold him up on the crane for a ride, make-up experts who let him in on their beauty secrets which they wouldn't sell for hundreds to a rival, and carpenters who seem busier making toy aeroplanes or boats for him to take home than building new sets.

Like most children he has an astonishing memory, and although he hasn't read "Oliver Twist," he learned his lines for each day by going over them with his mother the night before.

A special studio limousine called for him each morning and delivered him home again. If careful treatment is any sign of his value as a star, then Cineguild considers him a discovery indeed.

They treat him as if he were the Crown Jewels.



JOHN HOWARD DAVIES, dressed for his starring role in "Oliver Twist," which has just been completed by Cineguild Films (England). Eight-year-old John was chosen from more than 1000 applicants, and it is his first film. Others in the cast are Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, Alec Guinness, Henry Stephenson, Kay Walsh, and Mary Clare.

## Film Reviews

### ★ THAT WAY WITH WOMEN

A MILD little comedy-drama with a silly title has been provided by Warners in its remake of an old George Arliss favorite, "The Millionaire." This time Sydney Greenstreet has the role of the crusty old millionaire who is ordered to cease work by his doctors.

Going to the coast, he forgets about the medical advice and buys a share in a garage run by Dane Clark. From then on he alternately acts as Cupid for the romance between his daughter (Martha Vickers) and Clark and gives a sound licking to some racketeers under his assumed name.

All the characters seem fictional, though Greenstreet appears to enjoy his role.—Plaza; showing.

### ★ FUN ON A WEEKEND

INGENUOUS comedian Eddie Bracken returns to the screen in a United Artists release of a typical Bracken film. It will rank only as mediocre screen fare, as the star needs far slicker material.

The reappearance of Priscilla Lane is the most interesting feature, and her deft work suggests that she would prove useful in bigger and better productions.

As business partners in a get-rich-quick scheme, Bracken and Priscilla Lane are a good team. Most amusing scene is where they don bathing-suits under the impression that they will be less noticeable in a gathering of wealthy clients.

Tom Conway, Allen Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher help the comedy along.—Empire; showing.

### ★ BLAZE OF NOON

PIONEERING of airmail routes in U.S.A. is the background for Paramount's fair to average drama.

Sonny Tufts, William Holden, Sterling Hayden, and Johnny Sands are cast as four brothers who join an ambitious but unfinancial commercial airmail line. One of the brothers (Holden) marries Anne Baxter, but their domestic path is disturbed, because the other three regard her as an interloper.

Some spectacular crashes and the death of two of the brothers form the climax of a story which often lapses into stodgy sentimentality.—Capitol; showing.

### ★ LONDON TOWN

ENGLAND'S answer to Hollywood's technicolor musicals must be regarded as an expensive mistake, which cost the Rank Organisation something like a million pounds.

Director Wesley Ruggles had the talents of comedians Sid Field, Sonnie Hale, and Claude Hulbert, and glamor girls Greta Gynn and Kay Kendall to head the cast, but the result brings not much credit to any of them, except Sid Field, who is a thoroughly likeable and amusing personality.

He plays a small-time comedian who struggles for success as understudy in a London revue. He is

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

aided by his young daughter (neatly played by teen-age Petula Clark).

Well-known revue artists, such as Tessie ("Two-ton") O'Shea and singer Beryl Davis, appear in some of the scenes, the weighty Mar O'Shea being notable for a song-and-dance act with Field and a chorus of Pearlies.

A chorus of beautiful young women in the Hollywood tradition, and known as the "Dozen and One Girls," adds to the luxury settings though their singing is deplorable.

It is regrettable that with the material available a better achievement did not result.

Most memorable scenes are those featuring Field as a golf beginner, a social photographer, talent quest winner, and a Pearlle King. Best song is the one well known already in Australia, "My Heart Goes Crug."—Esquire; showing.

LAUREN BACALL is looking forward to next May even more than the Christmas festivities. "You see Bogey and I plan to spend our third wedding anniversary building a honeymoon home in Ohio on the acre of land which Louis Broudfeld gave us for a wedding present. We'd like to get away every year in May for a few weeks' holiday amid the farms and woods of that wonderful countryside. Anyway, that's a dream we have, and with blueprints in my hand, it seems to have a fair chance of coming true."

JOAN FONTAINE will don the mantle of Peter Pan—at least in an imaginative sort of way—when she takes to the air in a series of records for a Peter Pan Album, to be released at Christmas time.

CHRISTMAS plans are now being made by the stars. Jennifer Jones is really adventurous. She wants to take her two rosy-cheeked boys to Switzerland for a real snow holiday, where they can have their first lessons on skis.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



GREER GARSON, star of MGM's "Desire Me," has an admiring audience in her large French poodle Gogo when she takes a batch of home-made cakes out of the oven in her home. Recovering from a minor operation, Greer recently has been in New York.



TIME OFF FOR TEA at Cinesound Studios in Sydney, when Michael Pate (left), Ken Wayne, and Wendy Gibb rest between scenes for the Charles Chauvel production "Sons of Matthew." Michael and Ken play brothers, who are rivals for Wendy.





OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND looks most glamorous in a stunning ice-blue taffeta evening frock. In her new film, "The Snake Pit," for Fox, she plays the role of an emaciated, unkempt insane woman. The film is adapted from Mary Jane Ward's best-selling dramatic novel.



JEAN PETERS, a newcomer to the screen, was given the enviable task of being leading lady opposite Tyrone Power in the Fox technicolor period film, "Captain From Castile." She went to Hollywood in 1946 after winning the title of "Miss Ohio" in a beauty contest.



NANCY GUILD was an Arizona college girl when she had her first film test and received a contract with Fox. She has been featured in several films, and her next appearance will be in "Give My Regards To Broadway."



DOROTHY MAGUIRE has never played in a period film, but she has had many varied roles since her first success in "Claudia." She considers her role of Kathy in the forthcoming Fox drama, "Gentleman's Agreement," with Gregory Peck and John Garfield, as one of her best.



LOW-CUT GOWNS DEMAND

*Film Star  
Loveliness!*

"Lux Toilet Soap  
really makes skin  
lovelier, leaves  
it softer, smoother.  
It's a real  
beauty soap."

says

**Eleanor  
Parker**

Warner Brothers' star in  
"NEVER SAY GOODBYE"



The Bath and Complexion Care  
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars.

LT 219.26

It's easy... when  
**BACKACHE**  
gets better!

You've had to  
struggle with the  
housework, feeling  
absolutely done up  
with backache. Of  
course you have; and  
you know the wonder-  
ful relief when back-  
ache gets better. And  
when the trouble is due  
to sluggish kidneys  
you do get relief from  
De Witt's Pills. Then  
housework really does  
seem easy.

If your kidneys  
need toning up... if  
they are failing to trap  
and expel poisons and  
impurities and you're get-  
ting backache because of  
it... you can (and you  
should) do something  
about it. Turn to DeWitt's  
Pills for help. They are  
specially prepared to act  
directly on the kidneys.  
They help cleanse these  
vital organs of poisonous



accumulations, and stimu-  
late them to full activity.

The great advantage of  
this trusted family medi-  
cine is that it not only  
relieves the backache but  
helps to clear up one com-  
mon cause of it. Ask your  
chemist for a bottle of  
De Witt's Pills to-day.

**DeWitt's** **Pills**  
KIDNEY  
AND  
BLADDER

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint  
Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/6.

## Kiss of Death . . .



**1 GAOL SENTENCE** is passed on Nick Bianco (Victor Mature) for his part in jewellery shop hold-up. Lawyer Howser (Taylor Holmes) pretends to try to arrange parole. He also promises that he will look after Nick's children.

### Authentic scenes for thriller

WITH the realistic docu-  
mentary technique used  
in recent films such as "13 Rue  
Madeleine" and "Boomerang,"  
Fox studios made "Kiss of  
Death" in New York and its  
vicinity with Hollywood tech-  
nicians.

Scenes were filmed in Sing  
Sing prison, New York criminal  
courts, in the elevator shaft of  
the Chrysler Building, and in  
the Bellevue Hospital.

The psychiatric killer Tommy  
Udo is brilliantly played by  
stage and radio actor Richard  
Widmark.



**3 IN PRISON JOB** Nick hears  
his money has been stolen  
by Udo's friends and Howser.  
He gets parole as informer.



**2 BOASTFUL KILLER** Tommy  
Udo (Richard Widmark),  
waiting trial for murder, con-  
fides in Nick about his crimes.



**4 POLICE PROTECTION** is  
given to Nick, who takes  
his family to another town  
and hopes to start honest life.



**5 THREAT OF REVENGE** from Udo, who has been  
found not guilty of murder in spite of Nick's  
evidence against him, soon is repeated to Nick by  
friendly district attorney D'Angelo (B. Donlevy).  
Nick insists he be given chance to meet Udo.



**6 RISKING DEATH**, Nick confronts  
Udo in cafe. After warning police  
who hope to catch Udo with gun, Nick  
taunts him into starting gun battle.  
Udo is killed and Nick badly wounded.

**INSTANT KNOCKDOWN  
KILLS STONE DEAD!**

Makes walls and ceilings  
lethal to all insect pests  
for weeks at a stretch.

**Mortein plus**

THE SUPER SPRAY THAT  
**KEEPS ON KILLING**

Flies, Mosquitoes and all insect pests.



**FAIR and  
GLEAMING**



How attractive fair hair can look  
when washed with Amami Sham-  
poo No. 5. It gleams with  
colour, looks "alive" with health  
and vitality. If your hair is  
dark, or dark brown, use Amami  
No. 1.

Price 10d. (including rinse).

**AMAMI**

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT



## Dressing-up the crowning glory ... IN COLOR

★ A dramatic effect is obtained by the use of color, line, and ornament in this collection of modern hair styles.

Tinting in rainbow shades is a different and daring innovation for chic Australian women, helping them to obtain a lovely occasional effect under night lights.



**SLEEK AND SIMPLE.** Earmuff design with the hair worn smooth and close to the head, twisted into a coil over ears.



**DUAL TREATMENT.** Top hair is brought forward, breaking at the centre in two waves, with a chignon back effect.



**BUILT-UP.** The hair is twined at the crown and culminates in high piled shadow waves curling forward at ears.



**GRECIAN INFLUENCE.** All the hair is swept to the left and moulded in wide, sculptured curls behind a shadow wave.



**ELEGANT LOOK.** The hair is drawn over to the left side of the head and built high and wide in a waved pouff.



**FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS.** This asymmetrical coil features novel bongs and curls in a sunburst arrangement.



**ADAPTATION** by Australian stylist Vincent de Lorenzo using brilliant cyclamen, rust, and orange hair tonings accentuated with entwined tendrils of navy-blue, an orange-red feather for back interest, and scattered sequins for glitter.



★ **The Dressmaker**  
**SAID** "Yes madam—it-  
-er-suits you perfectly..."

★ **But she MEANT**  
"Even a French Model  
couldn't make you glamorous  
with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high  
fashion. Make sure yours are free  
from spots and blotches by using

**REXONA**  
MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty...  
the type who cares for her face,  
and ignores shoulders and back.  
You can be lovely all-over so easily  
by the regular use of Rexona Soap.  
Rexona is specially medicated with  
Cadyll to clear away the impurities  
that cause pimples and blackheads  
... dull and lifeless skin. It tones  
up the pores—makes all of you  
romantic.



★ REXONA SOAP CONTAINS  
CADI, an exclusive Rexona  
compound comprising Oils  
of Cade, Cassia, Cloves,  
Terebinth, and Boreyl  
Acetate—all recognised  
valuable skin medica-  
ments.

\* K.66.26A



**Evan Williams Shampoos**

These famous shampoos will be avail-  
able when existing restrictions permit.

A GRADE  
FOR EVERY  
SHADE

D. S. TORRILEY & CO., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS

**Modern Women  
prefer Modess**

Modess Sanitary Napkin have the  
features you seek.

Softness; safety; economy.

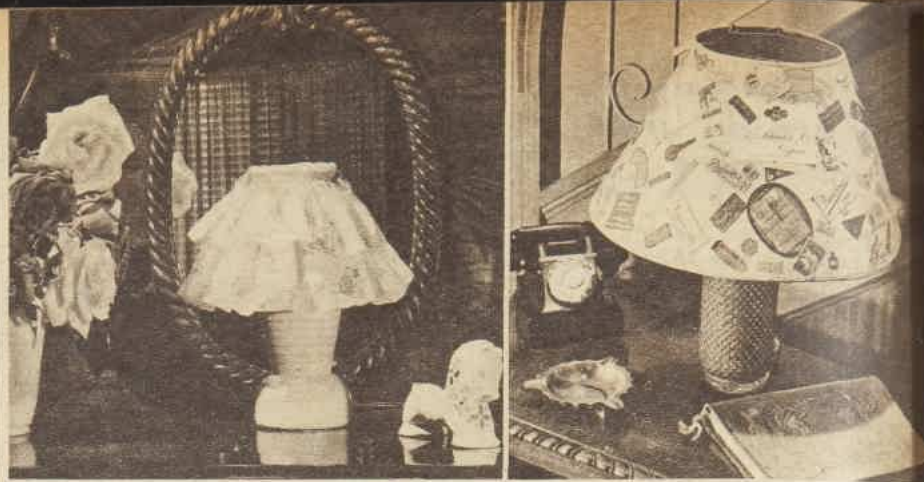
**Modess**  
THE CERTAIN, SAFE  
SANITARY NAPKIN



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON AND JOHNSON — WORLD'S  
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



**Cerebos**  
SALT OF QUALITY



LAMPSHADES make delightful Christmas gifts. On the left is a tiered shade, trimmed with two blue satin  
bons at side, which can be made from scraps of organdie or marquisette with lining of white taffeta. The  
attractive lamp at the right would make an original gift for a man. The base was once part of a soda siphon,  
and an ordinary parchment lampshade was adorned with stickers collected from boxes, bottles, calendars.

## FOR LAWN BEAUTY: the graceful deodar

● Few conifers are of more  
graceful habit than the beauti-  
ful and decorative deodar.

— Says Our Home Gardener

GARDENERS who spend much time  
during summer in visiting the gar-  
dens of other folk and noting the  
things they would like to grow should,  
therefore, not overlook this useful  
and rather fast-growing tree.

Coming from well up the Himalayas, it naturally  
follows that the deodar is not fully hardy in tropical  
areas; but it appears to withstand quite well the  
frosts, snow, and severely cold winds of the Blue  
Mountains and other ranges of Eastern Australia.

Several varieties are cultivated, but the best known  
is probably that of weeping habit, known as Deodara  
or Himalayan Cedar, which, under favorable con-  
ditions, will grow to 70 ft. or more. As the picture  
shows, the foliage is a rather light green color, and the  
extremities of each branch are pendant or weeping in  
a most graceful manner.

The golden deodar is also very beautiful, the young  
tips being a pleasing shade of yellow. Cedrus  
argentea has leaves which are almost silver in color.  
Both are extremely decorative when planted in rows  
against darker backgrounds, or when set out singly  
as specimen trees.

Other cedars which provide decorative effects are  
the varieties Libani (Cedar of Lebanon) and Cedrus  
atlantica.

All this family does well in Tasmania, southern  
Victoria, the Blue Mountains, most of the alpine  
range, and the hills round Sydney. Many fine spec-  
imens also thrive round Mount Lofty, South Australia.

Where conifers are wanted, but the cedars will not  
thrive, choice should fall on Australasian varieties  
such as araucarias, callitris, agathis, some of the  
cypresses that like hot weather, retinosporas, thuyas.



GRACEFUL AND DECORATIVE, the weeping deodar  
stands out from a background of native and introduced  
trees, and accents the masses of white and green pro-  
vided by the marguerites.

or for coastal areas where the rainfall is heavy, the  
California redwoods—sequoias.

Many of these species are most beautiful, fast grow-  
ing, and provide both shade and windbreaks. Ad-  
vanced specimens can be planted during summer if  
care is taken to water them regularly and to shade  
them slightly until re-established.

## ONE FORM OF ITCH QUICKLY CURED

"I'M nearly driven mad with  
Tan itch," said Mrs. X, as  
she walked into my consult-  
ing-room. "Two of my chil-  
dren are itchy, too."

"Where does it affect you most?"  
I asked.

"Behind the knees, between the  
fingers, and in the armpits, and it's  
much worse at night."

I examined the skin between her  
fingers with a hand-lens, and picked  
up a small brown dot, on the end  
of a needle. Under the microscope  
was a typical example of Acarus  
Scabei.

"Here's the beastie which is caus-  
ing your trouble. He's all claws  
and teeth."

"That's what it feels like," she  
said, "but what do I do to stop the  
biting?"

"I'll give you a prescription for a  
bottle of benzyl benzoate lotion, and  
here's a routine which will give  
you both relief and a cure. When  
you get home, take off all your  
clothes and put them aside for wash-  
ing. Have a soaking, hot bath and  
lie in it for ten minutes. Rub your-  
self all over with two ounces of  
soft soap, then scrub with a coarse  
flannel or nail-brush, especially the  
itchy places. Do this for ten min-  
utes.

By MEDICO

"Dry thoroughly, and then paint  
on the lotion with a suitable brush  
over the whole body from neck to  
toes. When the first coat is dried,  
put on another. Put on clean, wash-  
able clothes. Twenty-four hours  
later have a second bath and an-  
other painting."

"Eight hours later have another  
bath and the treatment is complete.  
If the skin is reddened, soothe with  
calamine lotion. The routine must  
be thorough, because the skin will

not stand a second course of treat-  
ment."

"But won't I infect myself again  
from my clothes?" she asked.

"You certainly will, so you'll have  
to launder all the clothes you're  
wearing now, your sheets, pillow-  
slips, and nightgown, and all the  
clothes you wear while you are hav-  
ing the treatment. An ordinary  
wash will kill the Acarus."

"But what about hat, shoes, and  
gloves?"

"Leave them overnight in the kit-  
chen oven after the fire has died  
down."

## When your baby begins to walk

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE act of walking opens  
up a world of great range  
and activity and increases the  
mental development of the  
child.

It is important not to force or  
coax the child to walk before he  
is ready and to observe his limbs  
and his feet, as this is the time  
when any defects in bone formation  
can be seen and given prompt treat-  
ment.

See that "foot comfort" is assured  
by giving him socks that have not

shrunk and shoes that do not cramp  
his feet in any way.

Damage done to the feet at this  
stage may never be undone, and  
much discomfort and suffering in  
later life can be traced to lack of  
attention when baby first walks.

A leaflet giving hints on the care  
of your baby's feet can be obtained  
from The Australian Women's  
Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau,  
Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street,  
Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed  
envelope for a copy.



**"Sparva"**  
BRITISH DRESS FABRIC

NO FADE. NO CREASE  
NO SHRINK  
UNCONDITIONALLY  
GUARANTEED

Stocks are limited - Please be patient

**THANK YOU DOCTOR**

I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

**2/6 Everywhere**  
In unbreakable plastic tubes. P.I.A.

**FORD PILLS**

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust

**Staisweet**  
Stay as sweet as you are with

**Staisweet**

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

**Your Dog**

If your dog's coat is dull, hoarse or ragged - if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him Condition Powders BARKO Condition 1/2 lb. 3/4 lb. 1 lb. 2 lb. 3 lb. 4 lb. 5 lb. 6 lb. 7 lb. 8 lb. 9 lb. 10 lb. 11 lb. 12 lb. 13 lb. 14 lb. 15 lb. 16 lb. 17 lb. 18 lb. 19 lb. 20 lb. 21 lb. 22 lb. 23 lb. 24 lb. 25 lb. 26 lb. 27 lb. 28 lb. 29 lb. 30 lb. 31 lb. 32 lb. 33 lb. 34 lb. 35 lb. 36 lb. 37 lb. 38 lb. 39 lb. 40 lb. 41 lb. 42 lb. 43 lb. 44 lb. 45 lb. 46 lb. 47 lb. 48 lb. 49 lb. 50 lb. 51 lb. 52 lb. 53 lb. 54 lb. 55 lb. 56 lb. 57 lb. 58 lb. 59 lb. 60 lb. 61 lb. 62 lb. 63 lb. 64 lb. 65 lb. 66 lb. 67 lb. 68 lb. 69 lb. 70 lb. 71 lb. 72 lb. 73 lb. 74 lb. 75 lb. 76 lb. 77 lb. 78 lb. 79 lb. 80 lb. 81 lb. 82 lb. 83 lb. 84 lb. 85 lb. 86 lb. 87 lb. 88 lb. 89 lb. 90 lb. 91 lb. 92 lb. 93 lb. 94 lb. 95 lb. 96 lb. 97 lb. 98 lb. 99 lb. 100 lb.

**For Beauty!**

**"Coverspot"**  
Conceals Blemishes

**MILKY WAY...**  
to skin beauty

KEEP a healthy glow in your skin by drinking at least a pint of milk each day.

**P**LENTY of milk on the menu helps to build skin beauty, and milk applied externally helps to keep the skin lovely too.

Milk supplies are not so lavish, but it is surprising to learn the number of beauty aids in which milk is used and the simple treatments devised to promote skin radiance with its help.

Milk, combined with other ingredients, may be used for either dry or oily skins, for discouraging wrinkles, to soothe the eyes, and in the rather unusual role of a powder-base.

**To soothe dry skin**

A milk pack for a dry skin is made in this way: Mix one tablespoonful of almond meal with enough warm milk to make a paste. Stand this on one side while you thoroughly cleanse the skin, either with oil or a good nourishing cream. Remove the surplus oil or cream from the skin, allowing just sufficient to remain on to form a slight film.

Then spread the milk-and-meal pack lightly over the face, lie down for 15 minutes to allow it to set and work.

Remove the pack with warm water, then cold; pat the skin dry and apply a little skin tonic.

A variation of the milk pack for a dry skin is made by mixing almond meal, a few drops of witch-hazel, and milk to form a paste.

Apply quite thickly to the skin and allow it to dry. After removing the paste, sponge the skin with warm milk. Remove with warm, then cool, water, and close the pores with a refreshing lotion.

**To stimulate oily skin**

An oily skin will very quickly respond to a series of milk-and-yeast packs. First procure your yeast, which must be fresh, then make it into a creamy paste by adding a little milk. Cleanse the skin thoroughly with cream, and then apply the milk-and-yeast paste, taking care to avoid the eyebrows and the hairline.

Allow the pack to remain on the skin for 30 minutes, and then remove with warm water afterwards thoroughly rinsing with cold.

This type of face-pack is stimulating and invigorating, and good results will be noticed immediately.

**For scorched skin**

For skin that is dry and wrinkled from over-exposure to sun the honey-and-milk pack is advised. It may sound rather messy, but is not really. Mix together equal parts of honey and milk, and after thoroughly cleansing the skin smooth the paste over the face, being careful to include the skin under the eyes, the lids, the neck, and throat. Allow

the pack to remain on the skin until it is dry, which is usually half an hour, and then remove with warm water, giving the skin a final splash with cold.

**Milk for eyelids**

Milk is even good for a once-weekly eye pack.

First cleanse the skin with cream. Then apply a couple of hot towels to open the pores. Now, with a piece of cotton-wool, dab milk on the skin with an up-and-out motion. Use plenty of milk, allow it to remain on the skin for a bit, thus ensuring that as much milk as possible is absorbed.

Also when the eyes are tired, bathing the closed lids with warm milk is most soothing.

**Sour milk treatment**

Very light, tiny wrinkles under the eyes can sometimes be kept at bay by painting each night with a mixture of sour milk and honey. When the wrinkles are very noticeable first give a light massage with a good nourishing cream or skin food prior to the milk application.

Another pack, which is not only helpful in smoothing wrinkles, but which is also soothing on the skin after a day spent out of doors, is one which is made of oil and milk.

First pour a little olive oil into a cup and then stand the cup in hot water so that the oil will become thin and warm. While allowing the oil to warm, prepare two cupfuls of milk, one of which should be hot and the other cold.

**By CAROLYN EARLE**  
Our Beauty Expert

Cleanse the face with a pad of cotton-wool, which has been soaked in the cold milk, then apply alternately pads of cotton-wool which have been soaked in the hot and cold milk.

Pat the face dry with a soft towel, dip the fingers in the warm oil, and then thoroughly massage the face with upward and outward movements.

We must all know by now that massage movements are feather light, upwards and outwards, first with the wrinkles, then gently against. Remove surplus oil, pat skin with a cool skin tonic, then lightly pat dry with a soft towel.

**Milk for windburn**

Windburn ranks equally with sunburn for discomfort. If, after facing a day in the wind, the skin is rough, red, and sore, add a few drops of olive oil to some milk, warm the milk to blood temperature, and then dip a piece of cotton-wool in the liquid and draw it very gently over the skin.

Keep on smoothing the liquid into the skin until all traces of dust and grit have been removed, then gently blot up any surplus milk which remains on the skin, at the same time allowing as much oil as possible to cling to the face so that the surface is left slightly oily.

# Look lovelier in 60 seconds with **Pond's** Vanishing Cream *1-Minute Mask*

You look at your face —Heavens! Don't worry! Bring your skin back to life with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This is the grand new way to use your Pond's Vanishing Cream! In sixty seconds

from the time the Mask is on your face, you will be looking at a fresh, new complexion — your skin will look finer-textured. Softer. Make-up smooths on easily —clings.



## How to apply Pond's 1-Minute Mask

Just smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream in a thick white mask over your whole face—except eyes.

Relax and leave this cool fragrant mask on for one full minute. The special "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream gently loosens and dissolves the dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

After one minute—no need to wait any longer—tissue the mask off, clean. You'll adore the fresher,

softer look of your skin. Use this new Pond's 1-Minute Mask regularly 3 or 4 times a week—and always before a date.

**Complete Complexion Care**  
POND'S VANISHING CREAM, powder base and skin softener. POND'S COLD CREAM, thorough skin cleanser and freshener—at all chemists, chain and department stores.

PC110

**PAIN**  
that kept her  
in bed . . .

Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let Myzone's marvellous **Asterin** (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."

"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid despondency. It is science's greatest gift to women!"

**MYZONE**

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.





● Buffet-style entertaining creates a gay and friendly atmosphere—it's easy for you and fun for your guests.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

**T**HIS is the month when families, neighbors, and friends who seldom see each other exchange Christmas visits. Stock up the ice-box or refrigerator with the basic ingredients for salads and savories, keep the cookie jar well filled, and a supply of iced tea or coffee on hand.

The preparation of a buffet meal as attractive as the one pictured on this page will then be a matter of minutes and your reputation as a hostess will be enhanced.

#### ASPARAGUS LILIES

Thinly sliced buttered bread (brown or white), 1 bunch asparagus, salt, cayenne pepper.

Cut off at least 1 in. of the lower stalks of asparagus. Wash stalks well, scrape thoroughly with downward strokes of the knife. Cut white stalks from tips, leaving 2 in. white below tips. Tie the tips into a bundle, cut stalks into 1 in. lengths. Stand bundled asparagus in boiling salted water with water coming to within 1 in. of tips. Add chopped stalks. Cover, cook 30 to 35 minutes. Drain carefully, cool.

Reserve liquid and stalks for making asparagus soup. Place a stalk of asparagus diagonally on each piece of buttered bread. Sprinkle with cayenne. Fold bread into cone shape.

#### ABERDEEN ROLL

One pound lean steak, 1 lb. fat bacon, 1 cup soft white bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion or shallot, browned crumbs.

Mince meat and bacon finely or put through coarse mincer. Add white crumbs, salt, pepper, carrot, and onion. Stir in beaten egg and sauces, mixing well. Form into a roll on a floured pudding-cloth. Roll up in cloth, tie ends securely. Drop into boiling water, cook steadily 2 hours. Remove from cloth, roll in browned crumbs, chill thoroughly before serving in thin slices.

#### CLUB SALAD SANDWICHES

Day-old sandwich loaf, small quantity of butter, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup diced ham, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, thinly sliced tomato, finely chopped pickled onions.

Cut loaf into thin slices lengthwise, remove crusts. Butter very lightly (or omit butter and smear bread with some of the white sauce). Combine sauce, ham, mustard, chopped eggs, and parsley. Spread thickly on one slice of bread, cover

SIMPLE BUFFET SETTING planned for self-service. Salad platter includes sliced cold meat, cream cheese balls, and salad vegetables. Asparagus lilies and cheese savories are appetizing morsels. Provide a large bowl of fresh fruit salad to follow.

with another slice. Top with tomato and onion, season with salt and pepper. Place a third slice of bread on top. Cut into squares, then triangles. Serve on large platter garnished with salad snippets.

#### MOULDED SALMON CREAM

One medium-sized tin salmon, 1½ cups white sauce, 1½ teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons salmon liquor, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red capsicum, pinch cayenne pepper, good squeeze of lemon juice, lemon wedges to garnish, tomato slices.

Drain salmon, remove bones, flake. Dissolve gelatine in heated salmon liquor, fold into white sauce. Add salmon, eggs, capsicum, cayenne, and lemon juice. Fill into individual moulds rinsed with cold water. Chill until set. Unmould and serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with lemon wedges and top each mould with a slice of tomato.

#### LEMON BRAN COOKIES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons bran, 1 tablespoon shredded candied lemon-peel, 2oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 2oz. self-raising wholemeal flour.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Stir in bran soaked in milk, shredded

peel, and unsifted wholemeal flour. Lastly fold in sifted flour, nutmeg, and salt. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Allow to cool on tray; store in airtight tin.

#### CHEESE SAVORIES

Sliced cheese, finely diced parboiled red or green capsicum, softened butter, pumpernickel (available from most delicatessen stores).

Spread pumpernickel thinly with butter. Sandwich 2 slices with cheese. Place slice of cheese on top. Cut into finger-lengths, top with red or green capsicum. Chill before serving.

#### SALAD ACCESSORIES

**To Curl Celery:** Wash inner stalks of celery. Cut into 2 in. lengths. Using a sharp, stainless knife, cut down each piece of celery to within ¼ in. of bottom, making 4 or 5 cuts. Drop into iced water; leave 1 to 2 hours and celery will curl back.

**To Make Radish Roses:** Thoroughly wash and lightly scrape round red radishes. Remove stalks. Make 6 or 8 cuts nearly through each radish. Drop into iced water, stand in cool place 1 to 2 hours. Radishes will open out to form a rose.

**Tomato Roses:** Choose small, firm, red tomatoes. Wash well. Cut as directed for radish roses, gently pull sections apart to open centre. **To Separate Lettuce:** Re-

move outside leaves; with sharp-pointed stainless knife remove stalk, cutting carefully up into heart of lettuce. Hold upside down under gently running tap and leaves will separate easily without tearing or breaking.

# FESTIVE BUFFET



Designed for Mothers  
who want  
**SAFETY and  
COMFORT**



**CUDDESEAT**  
Carry Baby with  
ease and smartness.  
Leaves both hands  
free!

**BUY FROM YOUR  
LOCAL STOREKEEPER**

Retail Stores apply  
**CRAWFORD AND BROMWICH**  
189 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY

## WHY CHILDREN NEED VITAMINS

Recent vitamins tests on school children carried out in Gt. Britain recall the earlier series of similar tests before the war.

The Medical Officer in charge of a large Children's Convalescent Home, anxious to determine the effect of adding vitamins to children's diet, gave them Bemax every day. He daily took stock of the results. They were astonishing. Here are a few:—

Name	Age	Gain	Period
Winnie H.	12	11 1/2 lbs.	4 months
Margaret H.	13	17 lbs.	3 months
Kenneth G.	7	8 1/2 lbs.	6 weeks
Jean W.	11	6 lbs.	6 weeks
Doris G.	10	7 1/2 lbs.	11 weeks
Oliver K.	10	6 lbs.	6 weeks
Thomas G.	8	6 lbs.	6 weeks

The figures tell their own story. It was recorded that "the general improvement in health and stamina was in many cases remarkable, absence of colds and winter ailments being specially notable."

Remember that these results were achieved at a time when protective foods were unrestricted. The benefit to be derived from the rich concentration of vitamin B in Bemax is obvious.

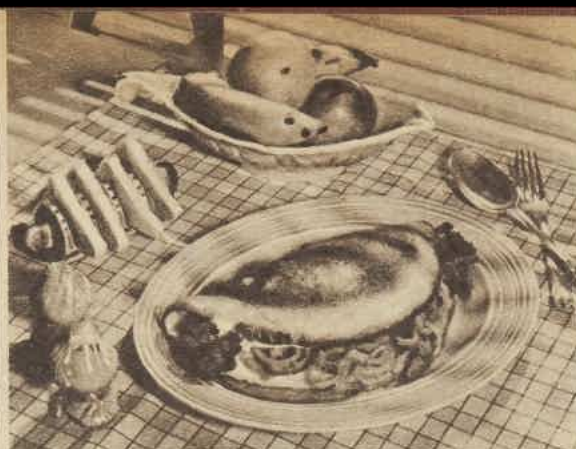
Ask your Chemist or Stores for

**BEMAX**

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd.,  
36-40, Chalmers Street, Sydney  
(A Product of Vitamins Ltd., London)

**SAXA**  
FREE RUNNING  
**SALT**

**OLD DUTCH**  
Doesn't  
scratch  
FOR THE MODERN HOME



FOR VARIETY: Fried onions and tomatoes seasoned with salt, pepper, and mixed herbs make a tasty filling for the breakfast omelet.

The week's prizewinner . . .

## Salmon Mould recipe

● First prize in this week's recipe contest goes to a reader for an unusual chilled salmon mould—served with salad.

**K**EEP the recipe for austerity cake to use when eggs and sugar are scarce or unavailable. The orange rind, combined with all-bran, golden syrup, and mixed fruit, gives it a delicious, wholesome flavor sure to please children.

Pancakes for breakfast! Make the batter savory by adding salt, pepper, and herbs.

### SALMON GALANTINE

One tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup strained salmon liquor.

Drain liquor from salmon. Remove skin and bones from fish, then flake. Add breadcrumbs, finely diced onion, salt and pepper to taste, grated lemon rind, and parsley. Add beaten eggs, mixing well. Turn into greased mould. Cover with greased paper and steam 1 hour. Turn out, allow to become quite cold. Place gelatine and salmon liquor in small basin, stir over boiling water until dissolved. When cool, and beginning to set, pour glaze over cold fish mould. Serve in thin slices with salad vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Miss N. Barnes, 33 Margaret St., Walkerville, N.S.W.

### BARBECUE PANCAKES

Filling: Three rashers bacon, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup medium white sauce, 1/2 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Savory Batter: One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch mixed herbs, 1 egg, 1/2 pink milk.

To prepare filling dice bacon finely and fry in dry pan until crisp and brown. Add to sauce with peas, salt, pepper, and parsley. Keep hot until ready to use.

For batter, sift flour, salt, pepper, and herbs into basin. Make well in centre. Break in egg, mixing with wooden spoon. Pour in half milk,

beating well to make quite free from lumps. Add remaining milk, mixing well. Melt sufficient fat in small frying-pan to barely cover bottom. When very hot, pour in sufficient savory batter to cover bottom of pan thinly. Cook gently until it begins to bubble on top. Toss or turn and cook on other side till golden brown. Continue until all batter is used. Place savory filling on half of each pancake, and fold over or spread on thinly and roll up. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Meehan, c/o J. James Pty. Ltd., Temple Court Lane, Melbourne C1.

### AUSTERITY CAKE

One cup all-bran, 1 cup milk, 1 rood tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup mixed fruit.

Soak all-bran in milk for 10 minutes. Add golden syrup and orange rind, blending thoroughly. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda, mixing well, and, lastly, add mixed fruit. Place in well-greased and lined loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. May be served plain or cut in slices and buttered.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. Parr, 33 Rodda St., Coburg N13, Vic.

### SAVORY ROAST

Two pounds topside steak (sliced about 1/2 in. thick), 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt, 1/2 teaspoon mixed herbs, 3 bacon rashers, 2 firm tomatoes, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup water.

Place steak flat on board—rub flour on and sprinkle with pepper and salt and herbs. Cover with diced bacon and sliced skinned tomatoes. Roll meat up and skewer or tie firmly. Place in hot fat in baking-dish and brown thoroughly. Add water, cover, and continue cooking in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve hot in slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Paterson, 21 Upper Melbourne St., West End, Brisbane

THIS economical  
cake is ideal for  
family lunch-  
boxes. No eggs or  
sugar required,  
and it may be  
served either plain  
or buttered. See  
recipe above.



**FLY-TOX**  
Supercharged  
WITH 5% D.D.T.

Here's a new Fly-Tox . . . more powerful . . . more lasting . . . than ever, supercharged with 5% D.D.T. and PYRETHRUM

that kills instantly. Sprayed on window-sills, walls, ceilings or rubbish-bins, this doubly death-dealing dose leaves a deposit of D.D.T. that goes on killing for weeks.

Instantly kills flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bugs, moths, silverfish, ants and other insect pests.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

ALSO AVAILABLE: Fly-Tox Blue Label, 1/4, and Fly-Tox Insect Powder, 1/8 large tin.



Kangaroo—this popular inhabitant of our Australian wonderland is a lover of the open grassy spaces. Measuring often more than 6 feet, the kangaroo does not run—he leaps, bounding even up to 20 feet at a time, his great tail acting as a balance or support when resting. To see the infant kangaroo peeping cheekily from its warm and cosy "nursery" in the mother's pouch is a quaint reminder of the animal that has become a symbol of Australia.

Symbolical of "Good Food," the beautiful Australian Rosella is a seal of unsurpassed food quality in the popular Rosella Food Products.

**Rosella**  
SYMBOL OF AUSTRALIA'S  
FINEST FOOD PRODUCTS





THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

# Casben Shorts in HE-MAN COLOURS

Casben shorts, in rugged outdoor Casben colours... they're *everywhere* this summer. You just can't buy more good looks and downright comfort. In 12 fadeless colours (all the way from quiet grey), 10 fittings (waists 28" to 46") and 3 super styles. *There's a Casben short for every sport*

The answer  
to your  
**XMAS GIFT**  
problem



ALL SET FOR A BIRDIE... this cool-looking golfer is in Casben Walk-Shorts with wide band, tapered extension. Two side, hip and safety fob pockets.



THE GUY WITH THE GAL at the boat is wearing Casben Walk-Shorts with novel pockets that fasten with snap-studs to match those on extension belt. Hip pocket.



YOU'LL FEEL GRAND in Casben Swim Shorts. Built-in support... smooth, discreet front... safety button-up fob pocket... colour-splash belt.

LARGE ILLUSTRATION: Casben Walk-Shorts with colour-splash belt and easy-reef buckle. Two slant side pockets, hip pocket and safety button-up fob pocket.



# Casben

## Shorts

SMARTER THAN ORDINARY SHORTS FOR MEN